IS IS THE NEW SIZE L
WEEK'S WILL BE A AND FINE

THE
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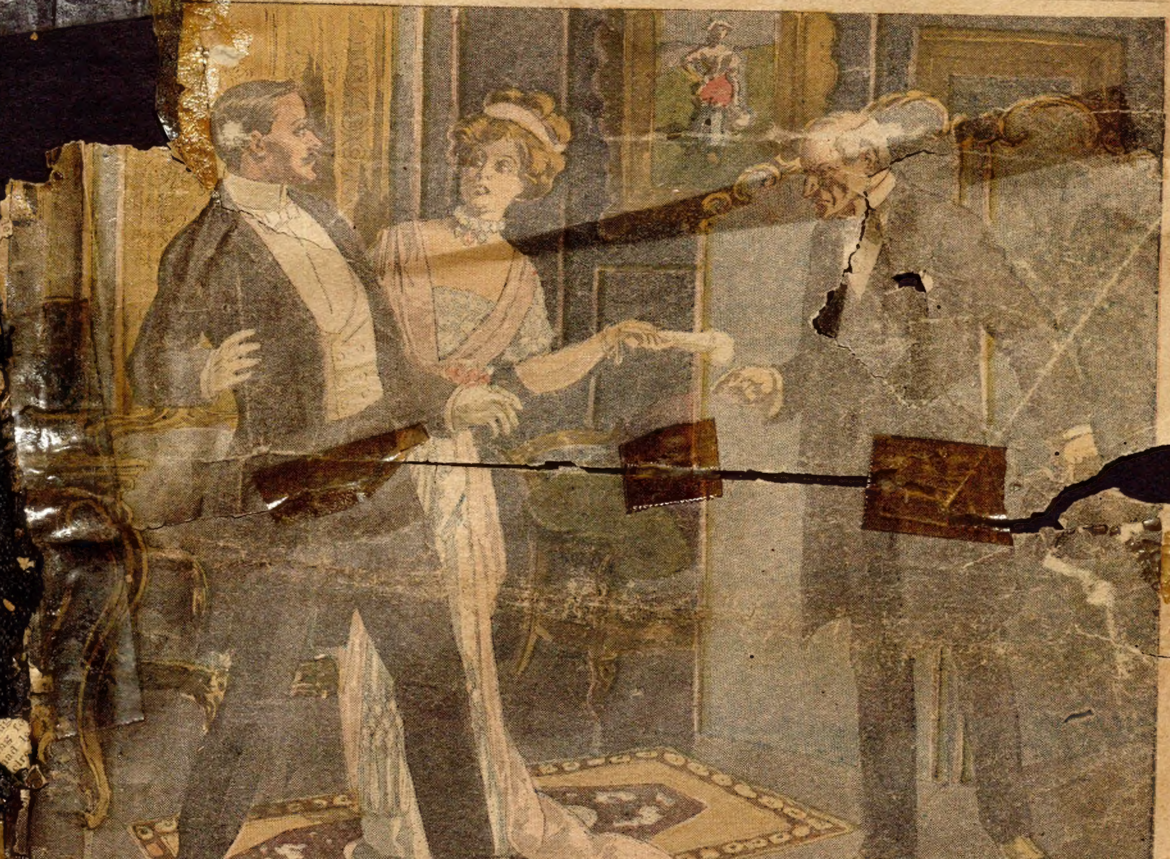


ord Rothley's Bride;

Or, FROM PAWNSHOP TO CASTLE

By Emma Howard Wight

by W. D. Boyce Co.]

APTER I.

THE NECKLACE.

E were two persons in ndshop of Silas Herne, broker, when his clerk, Jacob Sterin, put de the dingy curtain ich separated it from the ingroom and advanced t One was a woman in a long heavily veiled; the other was a young man with a handsome, refined face, rather shabbily clad.

"What can I do for you, madam?" Jacob asked, addressing the woman.

She drew from a small handbag which she carried a necklace.

"I want to borrow three thousand pounds on this neckale," she said, laying it upon the counter in front of Jacob.

As she spoke the young man glanced at her a little curiously. It was perfectly evident from her voice and manner of speaking that she was a woman of culture and refinement.

Jacob, to whom such visitors were by no means uncommon, took the necklace in his long, lean, brown fingers and examined it. It was exquisite and unique. The stones were all perfectly matched, pure white and of great brilliancy; there were three acorn-shaped pendants, one of rubies, one of sapphires and one of emeralds.

After a mo nt or so, Jacob necklace agai upon

as he looked at the veiled woman: "You will have to see Mr. Herne, madam. I'll go for him," and he left the shop.

The veiled woman moved restlessly and the young man could see by her quickened breathing that she was agitated.

In a few moment's the dingy curtain w ut aside and a man about shrewd, good-looking fac eyes and hair, entered behind the co

…ticket,
…redeem a

…; Silas Herne had …necklace in the safe and locked it …, then turned and addressed the woman.

"Your name, if you please, madam?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then replied, in a low voice:

"Mrs. John Smith."

The pawnbroker bowed, turned and went to a desk in the corner of the shop to make out the ticket. The young man had, in the meanwhile, finished his business and left the shop.

There was a large safe beside the desk. After he had made out the ticket, Silas Herne opened the safe by means of a combination, took out a roll of notes and some gold and returned to the woman. He counted out three thousand pounds, handed the money and the ticket to the woman. She put them in her handbag and quickly left the shop.

"A woman of high position," said Silas, addressing his clerk. "The necklace is very valuable, worth every cent of twenty thousand pounds.'

"I supose it will be redeemed," remarked Jacob.

"No doubt of it," declared Silas. "Financial difficulties are only temporary with women like that."

CHAPTER II.

THE MURDER.

It was the recreation hour at a fashionable boarding school on the Thames, a few miles from London, and the pupils were out in the beautiful grounds surrounding the establishment. It was a warm, sunny day, the sixth of May; roses and lilacs were blooming and the trees were a mass of pink and white bloom.

On a rustic bench, overlooking the river, sat two girls, both about 17 years … One was dark, with a gypsy…ess; the other was very beau… …ch golden hair, an exquisit… complexion and… …ng, black lashes, large, …ink and white… blue eyes, with … …es and perfect dark brows.

"What makes you so silent and thoughtful today, Elsie?" asked Mary Seymour, the dark-eyed girl.

"I have been wondering today what my life will be after I leave school next month," replied the girl addressed as Elsie, and she sighed, half unconsciously as she spoke.

"You have promised to pay me a long visit this summer, you know," said Mary Seymour.

Elsie smiled a little plaintively.

"Yes, dear, I know," she replied, "and that is a great pleasure to which to look forward. But that will only be for a time, and—" she paused, then, as Mary looked at her with quick and sympathetic comprehension, she went on with great earnestness: "You must not think, Mary, that I do not love my father very dearly, or that I am ashamed of my home."

"You do not need to tell me that, dear," murmured Mary, laying her hand tenderly on Elsie's. "I think I understand."

Mary Seymour and Elsie Herne had been chums and bosom friends for several years. Mary knew that which was not generally known in the school—that beautiful Elsie Herne, with her dainty ways and highbred bearing, was the daughter of a pawnbroker. She looked a patrician, a thoroughbred, while, in fact, the most plebeian of blood ran in her veins.

Mary Seymour was the daughter of the rector of Rothley, a town in Somersetshire, near the sea. Her father was distantly related to Lord Rothley of Rothley Towers. Mary was devoted to Elsie Herne, and, being entirely without snobbishness, she never gave a thought to the difference in their social positions. Elsie's mother had died when she was about 10 years of age, and, since then she had spent the greater part of her life at school, one of the most fashionable and select in the vicinity of London. Silas Herne was very proud of Elsie and had determined that she should be educated "like a lady."

"Cheer up, Elsie, darling,' Mary said pressing her lips to Elsie's rose-hued cheek, "you can't tell what the future may have in store for you. You were made for better things than—than the life you anticipate."

As she finished speaking, one of the teachers came up to them and addressed Elsie.

"Come to the house, Elsie," she said. "There's some one who wi… to see you."

"Do you mean that there … a visi… Miss Elkins?" aske… …e, ris…

…at surprised, …he school to see her …visitor," replied Miss … looked so grave that … her curiously. …ust be papa?" exclaimed …s turned away her eyes …utiful, expectant face. … not your father; it's his …explained. … cried Elsie. "Why, what … here?" … were crossing the lawn to the … and Miss Elkins made no reply, … she gave the girl a pitying glance.

"You will find him in the small reception room," she said, as they entered the hall, then hurried away.

Elsie opened the door of the small reception room on the left of the great wide hall and went in.

The old clerk was standing in the center of the room waiting for her. One glance at his face and Elsie knew there was something wrong. Jacob Sterin's face was as familiar to her as that of her father and she had never before seen that blanched, haggard look upon it, nor the stricken, sorrowful expression in the eyes.

"What is it, Jacob?" she murmured, standing still and looking at him piteously. "Something has happened to father?"

Jacob mutely inclined his head.

"He is ill?" queried Elsie.

"I wish it were no worse than that," said Jacob.

"Oh, you do not mean that he is—dead?" cried the girl, with a gasp.

"Yes, he is dead," said Jacob, quietly.

The girl sank into a chair, covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

Jacob came and stood beside her.

"Elsie, you must be brave," he said. "Your father did not die a natural death, he was murdered."

Elsie's hands dropped heavily to her lap and she sat staring up at Jacob.

"Murdered?" she repeated. "Murdered?" She paused and then asked, with a dawning horror in her eyes. "Who—who did it?"

"A stranger to you and to me," Jacob replied slowly. 'A man whose real name I do not know—yet." There was something ominous in the way he spoke the last word.

Elsie wrung her hands together in a sort of agonized impatience.

"But why—why did he murder my poor father?"

"For the purpose of robbery."

"Tell me all!" cried Elsie. She was pale to the lips, but her eyes were dry of tears. Grief for her father was, for the time, lost in a horror of the manner in which he had died.

"Yesterday morning," Jacob began, "a woman came into the shop for the purpose of raising three thousand pounds on a diamond necklace of great value. There was in the shop at the time a young man who had come to redeem a watch which he had pawned. He had given the name of Charles Brown, which is in all probability a fictitious name. He saw your father lock the necklace in the safe in the wall and return the key to his pocket. That night I was in the shop alone when the young man returned. He was differently dressed, wearing a light overcoat and a soft hat pulled down over his brow, but I recognized him at once. He asked to see Mr. Herne and I went and sent your father to him. Half an hour passed, and, as your father did not return, I arose and went into the shop." He paused and wiped away with a trembling hand the drops of moisture that had gathered thickly on his brow.

The girl sat rigidly, her eyes fixed upon his face, her lips and cheeks colorless.

"Go on," she murmured, tensely.

"I found your father lying upon the floor dead," the old man continued. "He had been stabbed to the heart."

Elsie shivered.

"The door of the safe in the wall was wide open and the necklace was gone," said Jacob.

"How dreadful, how cruel!" cried Elsie. "Oh, my poor father!" and again she burst into tears.

Jacob laid his hand lightly upon her arm.

"I lived with Silas Herne for twenty years,' he said. "He was always good and kind to me. He shall be avenged, his cowardly murderer shall be brought to justice and pay the penalty of his crime." A dusky red crept over the sallow pallor of his cheeks and brow, a somber light flashed in his eyes. "Yes, he shall be avenged!" he repeated, half to himself.

Elsie gave no heed to his words. She was absorbed now in grief for her father. Jacob allowed her to weep for a little while undisturbed, then he again touched her arm lightly and said:

"Try to compose yourself; it's time for us to be going."

Elsie wiped her eyes, choked back her sobs and rose to her feet. She shuddered a little as the sound of girlish voices and merry laughter came in at the open window. It was the first grief of her young life, the dark, mysterious shadow of death touched her for the first time, and she realized vaguely that she …never again be as she was before …-hearted, happy child.

CHAPTER III.

THE INQUEST.

Upon the afternoon of the day following the murder, an inquest was held over the body of Silas Herne.

The only witness who threw any light upon the murder was the deceased's clerk, Jacob Sterin. He testified to all that had occurred in the shop at the time of the pawning of the necklace, and to the return of the young man, who had given the name of Charles Brown, in the evening and his request to see the deceased. Upon being asked if he could positively assert that the said Charles Brown had seen the deceased place the necklace in the safe and return the key to his pocket, Jacob replied that he could; that he had returned to the shop as the deceased was in the act of placing the necklace in the safe and had noticed the young man was watching the deceased. Jacob testified to going into the shop and finding Silas Herne dead. The safe was open and the necklace gone.

The witness produced the books of the deceased and showed the record of the pawning of a diamond necklace by Mrs. John Smith on the morning of May the fifth, upon which a loan of three thousand pounds had been made. There was also the record of the redeeming upon May the fifth of a watch by Charles Brown, upon which three pounds had been loaned.

Jacob related what the deceased had said relative to the woman who had pawned the diamond necklace—that she was a woman of high position in temporary need of funds, and that the necklace would, of course, be redeemed.

The witness was asked if he believed the name of the young man was a fictitious one. He replied that he thought it more than probable, as persons very often gave a fictitious name when they went to a pawnbroker's to borrow money. Upon being asked if he would recognize the necklace if he saw it again, Jacob replied, very positively, that he would, that it was unique and he did not believe that there was another just like it in existence.

The physician, who had been summoned when the murder was discovered, testified that the deceased had been stabbed to the heart, dying instantly. From the nature of the wound, the deed had been done with a long, slender weapon like a stiletto.

Jacob Sterin was recalled and testified that no weapon had been found. He was asked how long he had been in the employ of the deceased and replied, manifesting emotion, that he had been in Silas Herne's employ and lived in the same house with him for twenty years. Upon being questioned if he knew of any one who might have … killed Silas Herne with some other motive than robbery, Jacob replied in the negative.

The middle-aged servant woman of the deceased testified that she was preparing to go to bed on the night of the murder when Jacob Sterin called her to come down, that Mr. Herne had been murdered. She ran down to the shop and found the deceased lying on the floor, in a pool of blood, dead. Jacob Sterin had told her that he had been killed by a man for the purpose of robbery. She had noticed that the door of the safe in the wall was open.

The jury brought in a verdict that the deceased came to his death at the hands of parties unknown, but, according to the testimony of Jacob Sterin, the principal witness, suspicion attached to one Charles Brown, supposed to have committed the murder for the purpose of robbing the deceased of a valuable diamond necklace.

Detectives were put upon the case to locate and arrest the man under suspicion.

The funeral of the murdered man took place upon the day following. A crowd of the morbidly curious followed the remains to the cemetery, but the only mourners were the dead man's young daughter and his clerk, Jacob Sterin.

When the will of the dead man was opened and read, it was found that he had left property amounting to twenty thousand pounds. Three thousand pounds, the house and shop were left to his faithful clerk, and friend, Jacob Sterin, one hundred pounds to his housekeeper, Marthe Beard, and the rest of his property to his beloved daughter, Elsie.

So Elsie, the pawnbroker's beautiful daughter, found herself quite an heiress. She decided to return to the school and finish out the term. Jacob would have been only too glad to have had her remain in her old home, but the place had grown horrible to Elsie and she longed to get away.

The night before she went away, she and Jacob were sitting together in the livingroom behind the shop. The girl looked pale and very sad in her black gown but the grief of Silas Herne's death had fallen heaviest upon the old clerk. He seemed to have grown years older in the few days that had elapsed since the discovery of the murder. His shoulders were more bowed, the lines in his face had deepened.

Elsie, noticing, for the first time how the old man had aged and broken, said to him very gently:

"Jacob, you loved my poor father?"

The old man started a little, slowly lifted his heavy eyes and loked at her.

"Yes," he said, "I loved your father. We'd lived many years together; he was good and kind to me [illegible] life [illegible] was remembered [illegible] …ow that [illegible] is dead." He [illegible] and th[illegible] added, [illegible] shall never [illegible] until [illegible] murderer is brought to justice."

[illegible] girl shuddered.

"It [illegible] terrible!" she murmured, with a [illegible] glance [illegible] the shabby, ill-[illegible] room.

"They h[illegible] found him," Jacob continued. [illegible] started to [illegible] feet and began walking restlessly [illegible] and down the room. "But they will find him, they must find him."

Again Elsie shuddered. S[illegible] felt an unspeakable [illegible] of the m[illegible]erer of her father [illegible] she had no g[illegible] desire to have h[illegible] brought justice [illegible] punished for [illegible] me. She felt though it would kill her to have to [illegible] upon his face. She [illegible] watching Jacob wishing that she could feel more in [illegible]pathy with his wish to avenge her father's death.

At length, [illegible] arose with a [illegible].

"I am tired," she said. "I [illegible] go to bed." At the door she st[illegible] and looked back [illegible] the old man who had sunk into a [illegible] and sat with his head bowed on [illegible] "You say you will [illegible] until my father's murderer [illegible] brought to justice. If [illegible] should [illegible] come to pass, remem[illegible] [illegible] 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.'"

She opened the door so[illegible] and went out.

A bitter smile touched [illegible] old man's lips.

"Ay, God [illegible] said, 'Vengeance is mine,' but it's weary waiting for [illegible] justice," he murmured. "He w[illegible] a… kind and generous to me, it [illegible] my hand should be the one [illegible] murderer to justice. She [illegible] and will forget; it's the old who [illegible]ber."

CHAPTER IV.

ALL TRACE LOST.

Two weeks after the murder, the de… tective employed on the case came, o… morning, into the shop and found Jac… there alone.

"Have you got him?" Jacob cried, starting toward the detective.

The latter shook his head.

"I traced him all right up to a cer… point, but now all trace is lost," he re… plied.

The fierce, eager look died out [illegible] Jacob's eyes, his head dropped, he m[illegible] tered something under his breath.

"I'll tell you all about it," contin[illegible] the detective, taking a seat on the co[illegible] er. "You'd better sit down [illegible] done up." Jacob shook his head and motioned for the detective to go [illegible] "I succeeded in tracing [illegible] who pawned the watch and given the name of Charles Brown, to a lodging house in Barclay street," said the [illegible] the landlady I learned [illegible] name is Edward St[illegible] [illegible] nated him as 'a gentleman who was down on his luck.' During the time he lived with her. From [illegible] from her he supported [illegible] ently by writing occasionally [illegible] newspapers and occasionally [illegible] was lucky, for magazines. He was not always prompt in paying her, the landlady admitted, and she knew that he was often very hard up, but she always got her money sooner or later, and in her opinion her lodger was 'an honest, honorable gentleman, with nothing against him but poverty.' I asked her if she could tell me anything in regard to her lodger's movements on the night [illegible] fifth. She reflected a moment. She [illegible] plied that she could not. She [illegible] he was doing night work, repo[illegible] a newspaper at that time. He [illegible] her house under the following [illegible] stances:

"On the afternoon of May the [illegible] Edward Stanhope had gone to [illegible] lady and told her that he wa[illegible] away. He had packed up his fe[illegible] paid her what was due her, and [illegible] to her astonishment, presented [illegible] a five pound note. 'Why [illegible] come into a fortune?' she [illegible] him, jokingly. He laughed [illegible] that she had guessed it [illegible] all the [illegible] away in a cab. That wa[illegible] the land[illegible] formation to be obtained fr[illegible] lady.

"I then proceeded to make [illegible] round [illegible] the principal newspapers and fo[illegible] Edward Stanhope had been empl[illegible] night reporter on the 'Daily Chr[illegible] but had given up his position o[illegible] morning of May the eighth. I lear[illegible] the newspaper office that Stanhope [illegible] highly educated and clever, and a[illegible] as was known there, of exem[illegible] habits."

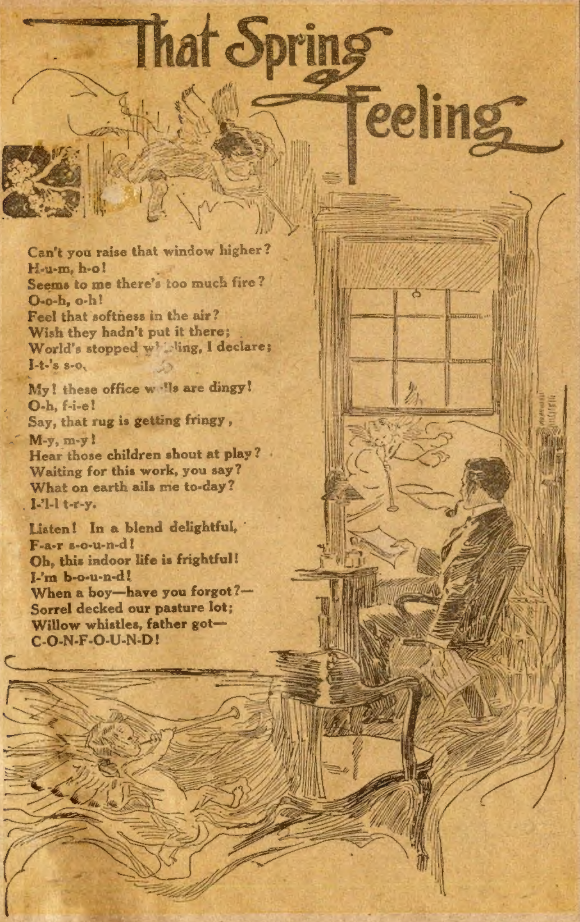
"He's a murderer!" cried Jacob [illegible] sionately.

"He may be," remarked the [illegible] quietly. "Very often persons [illegible] of the most exemplary habits [illegible] greatest rascals unhung."

"You must find him!" cried Jacob, turning almost fiercely upon the detective. "You have traced him so far, surely there must be a way to get [illegible] track again and run him to earth."

"I'll do my best," declared the detective, slipping from the counter [illegible] ing up his hat. "I'll let you [illegible] me the moment I make a [illegible]," and he took his depar[illegible]

Day after day pa[illegible] weeks lengthened into months [illegible] efforts to trace Edward Stanhope [illegible] sus-pected of the murder o[illegible]



That Spring Feeling

Can't you raise that window higher?
H-u-m, h-o!
Seems to me there's too much fire?
O-o-h, o-h!
Feel that softness in the air?
Wish they hadn't put it there;
World's stopped whirling, I declare;
I-t-'s s-o, [illegible]

My! these office walls are dingy!
O-h, f-i-e!
Say, that rug is getting fringy,
M-y, m-y!
Hear those children shout at play?
Waiting for this work, you say?
What on earth ails me to-day?
I-'l-l t-r-y.

Listen! In a blend delightful,
F-a-r s-o-u-n-d!
Oh, this indoor life is frightful!
I-'m b-o-u-n-d!
When a boy—have you forgot?—
Sorrel decked our pasture lot;
Willow whistles, father got—
C-O-N-F-O-U-N-D!

proved unavailing. Edward Stanhope appeared to have as completely disappeared as though the earth had opened and shallowed him.

CHAPTER V.

LORD ROTHLEY.

It was a lovely, sunny day in midsummer.

On the lawn in front of Rothley Rectory sat Elsie Herne and Mary Seymour. When the school closed Elsie had accompanied Mary home. With the elasticity of youth, she had recovered from the shock of her father's tragic death. She had not forgotten him nor ceased to grieve for him, but they were all so lovely to her at the rectory, it was such a beautiful place, with the sea always in view, that Elsie could hardly fail to be happy. At times the horror of her father's death would possess her and her lovely bloom would fade and her eyes wear a startled, hunted look, but the affection and loving sympathy of Mary and family soon banished the horror.

"Do you know, Elsie, that Lord Rothley is expected home very soon now?" said Mary.

"Lord Rothley?" murmured Elsie, questioningly.

"Yes, the new Lord Rothley," Mary explained. "He succeeded to the title and estates about two months ago, on the death of his cousin, Lord Rothley. The late Lord Rothley and his wife, Lady Rothley, were killed last May. They were on their way to Rothley Towers when the automobile went over a cliff. Lady Rothley was killed instantly and Lord Rothley lingered a few hours without regaining consciousness and then died. It was very sad, very tragic."

Elsie shivered and her face grew pale. Mary went on quickly: "Lord and Lady Rothley had no children and this cousin was the next heir. I am so anxious for you to see Rothley Towers; it's magnificent."

"I should like very much to see it," Elsie declared.

"If we want to go through the house it would best best to go before Lord Rothley returns," said Mary, musingly. "We were on quite intimate terms with Lord and Lady Rothley; papa is distantly related to Lord Rothley, who is dead, but this Lord Rothley is a stranger to us. Shall we drive over to the Towers this afternoon?"

"I would like it very much," replied Elsie.

A few hours later the two girls were drivng along the road by the sea, in Mary's pony carriage, in the direction of Rothley Towers.

A two-mile drive brought them in sight of Rothley Towers. It stood upon a bluff above the sea, a stately gray pile, with terraced lawns and beautiful grounds sloping to the beach. A winding drive led up to the great front doors. A groom took charge of the pony carriage and the two girls were shown into the drawingrooms on the right of the great, wide hall, while the footman went away to find the housekeeper.

Elsie had never seen such a beautiful room and she stood, for a moment, gazing about her admiringly. Then her attention was attracted by two life-sized portraits on the wall directly in front of her and she went slowly up to them.

One was the portrait of a man about 35 years of age, with a handsome face, beautiful, dark gray eyes and rich chestnut hair. The other was the portrait of a very beautiful woman, with brown eyes and auburn hair and a superb figure clad in a gown of black velvet, above which her matchless shoulders rose dazzlingly. In her hands, a spot of lurid color against her black gown, was a great bunch of crimson roses.

"Those are the portraits of Lord and Lady Rothley," Mary said, as she came and stood beside Elsie.

"Lord Rothley was very handsome," murmured Elsie, a little dreamily.

"Yes, he was handsome," Mary replied. "Lady Rothley was very beautiful."

"Yes," acquiesced Elsie, as her eyes lingered thoughtfully upon the lovely face. "But, in spite of its beauty, there is something in her face that repels me."

"It is said that she and her husband did not live happily and that the fault was hers," said Mary. "I never heard what the reason was. Mamma and papa know, but they never tell me and, of course, I couldn't question any one else. Lord Rothley looked like a very unhappy man. It is whispered down here," and Mary lowered her voice, "that the automobile, in which were Lord and Lady Rothley, did not go over the cliff by accident. Lord Rothley had left his chauffeur in London and was running the automobile himself."

"Do you mean that he drove the automobile over the cliff on purpose?" asked Elsie, in a tone of horror.

"That is what some people believe," Mary replied. "But, of course, it is only a supposition. Come, let's look at some of the paintings," and she moved away.

But Elsie lingered before the portraits. The handsome face of Lord Rothley fascinated her.

A young man quietly entering the room, stopped abruptly just beyond the doorway, gazing upon Elsie at first in astonishment, and then with involuntary admiration. She wore a filmy black gown which brought out her lovely coloring and the rich gold of her hair and through which her shoulders and arms gleamed marble white.

After a moment, the young man moved slowly toward her and suddenly she turned and saw him. She stood quite still, gazing at him, her eyes dilating, the color fading from her cheeks. It seemed to her that the dead man, upon whose portrait she had been gazing, stood before her in flesh and blood.

"Pardon me," he said, with concern. "I fear I have startled you."

"Who—who are you?" she half whispered.

"I am Lord Rothley," he replied.

She shrank from him in terror.

"They told me Lord Rothley was dead," she murmured, with a glance from him to the portrait.

"You are bewildered, frightened, by my resemblance to my cousin, the last Lord Rothley," he said, gently.

She drew a long breath and the color came back to her cheeks.

"It is a most wonderful resemblance," she said.

"Yes," with a glance at the portrait, "the resemblance is rather remarkable, considering the fact that we were only cousins. I only arrived at Rothley Towers last night, but I have been constantly reminded of my resemblance to my cousin by its startling effect upon the servants."

"We did not know you had returned," said Elsie, flushing a little. "Mary, Miss Seymour, wanted me to see the Towers, so we drove over this afternoon for that purpose."

"I hope you do not regret having come," and Lord Rothley smiled. "It will afford me much pleasure to show you and Miss Seymour the Towers."

"You are very kind," murmured Elsie. And then she added, a little shyly: "My name is Elsie Herne. I am staying at the rectory."

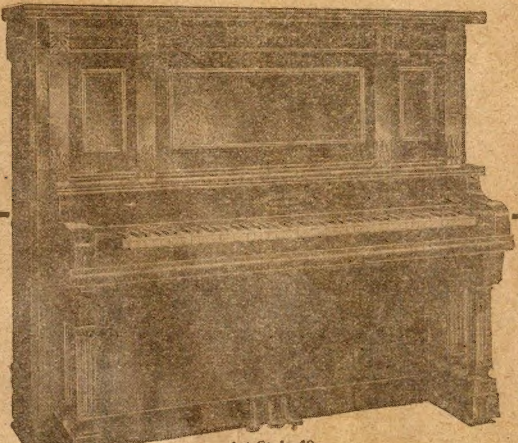
CHAPTER VI.

A PAWNBROKER'S DAUGHTER.

Three months later.

The leaves had turned to gold and crimson and the chill winds of autumn blew from the sea.

Elsie stood on the beach, looking with



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Send me your **Complete Piano Catalog** and all information about the **Sweet-Toned Schmoller & Mueller Piano.** Tell me about your **Resident Factory Representative Offer.**

Name..

Address......................................

....

dreamy, plaintive eyes out over the sea.

A quick, eager step on the sand, and, though she did not turn, the rose color on the girl's cheek deepened.

"They told me I would find you here," said Lord Rothley, pausing beside her. "Elsie," he continued, gently, but with a touch of reproachfulness, "you knew I was coming to the rectory this afternoon. Did you go out to avoid me?"

"If you think that, Lord Rothley, would it not have been wiser not to follow me?" she replied.

"Elsie, why are you so cruel to me?" he cried, passionately. "My darling, do you not know that I love you? I followed you, Elsie, to ask you to become my wife."

It was a moment or so before she spoke. She had grown pale, but she spoke quietly, steadily.

"I am sorry you did so," she said, "for I cannot be your wife, Lord Rothley."

His face whitened.

"You do not love me?" he queried.

"Spare me, Lord Rothley," she murmured. "Is it not enough when I tell you I cannot become your wife?"

"No, it is not enough. If you do not love me, Elsie, then your eyes are traitors to your heart. Look at me, Elsie!"

"No, no!" she cried. "Please go away and leave me, Lord Rothley!"

"I will go when you look me in the eyes and tell me that you do not love me," he replied.

She turned and faced him.

"If you must know, yes, I love you." A joyous exclamation left his lips and he made a movement to take her in his arms, but she stopped him with a gesture. "Listen to me. When you know the social gulf between us you will not wish to make me your wife. I am a pawnbroker's daughter."

"Is that all?" he laughed joyously. "My darling, my beloved, I would still wish, it would still be the dearest hope of my life, to marry you if you were the daughter of a cross-sweeper."

He took her in his arms and this time she did not resist him.

"Are you sure, quite sure, you will never regret having married me?" she asked.

"That would be as impossible as it would be for me to cease to love you," he replied, pressing his lips to hers. "I loved you, Elsie, the first moment I saw you, standing in the white and gold drawingroom at Rothley Towers. It was not alone your loveliness that attracted me, but it was your girlishness, your look of purity and innocence. These things are more precious to me, dear, than if you had the blood of kings in your veins. My cousin married a patrician woman, in whose veins ran the bluest of blue blood, but his married life was accursed. Some day I will tell you the sad story. Elsie, darling, when will you marry me?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"Oh, it is much too soon to think of that," she replied, demurely.

"I shall think of nothing else till you are my wife," he declared. "My darling, there is no reason why we should defer our marriage. Will you marry me when your year of mourning is passed?"

She lifted her eyes, aglow with a great tenderness, to his face.

"Yes, if you wish it," she replied, softly.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HAND OF A MURDERER.

Eight months later Jacob Sterin sat in the livingroom behind the shop, reading a note which had just been handed him by a footman in livery. The note, written upon heavy, cream-hued paper and stamped with a coat-of-arms and the Rothley coronet, was as follows:

"Rothley House, Hyde Park, June 18th;

"Dear Jacob:

"Come to me at the above address. I want very much to see you.

"Affectionately,
"ELSIE."

"So she has not forgotten, she is not ashamed of the old life, though she is a great lady!" muttered Jacob, as he placed the note in the envelope and laid it thoughtfully aside. "I would like to see her. I will go."

Jacob looked old and broken, and there was a curious brooding look in his eyes, the look one often sees in the eyes of a man possessed by one thought, dominated by one desire. The one and only thought, the one desire of Jacob's life was to avenge the death of Silas Herne, to bring his murderer to justice, and he had failed. All the efforts of the detectives to trace Edward Stanhope had failed.

That night, at about half-past eight, Jacob, feeling strange and awkward and very much out of place, sat awaiting Lady Rothley in the magnificent drawingroom at Rothley House.

"And to think that little Elsie should be the mistress of such a splendid place as this," murmured Jacob, looking about him with awe-struck, admiring eyes. "If only her father could have lived to see it, how proud and happy he would have been," he sighed.

The pale blue velvet portieres were put aside and Jacob arose bewildered to his feet as a golden-haired woman, in a shimmering gown of rose satin and lace, with the glitter of diamonds about her throat, on her breast and in her hair, came toward him with outstretched hands.

"You dear old Jacob!" she cried. "I am so glad to see you!"

"Is it really Elsie?" murmured Jacob. She laughed.

"Yes, it is the same Elsie," she replied. "Why, Jacob, what is the matter?"

A sudden and curious change had come over his face.

"Where did you get that necklace?" he asked, pointing to the necklace that encircled her throat.

"This necklace!" she replied, somewhat surprised at his manner. "My husband gave it to me."

At that moment the portieres were again put aside and Lord Rothley entered the room.

Lady Rothley turned to him smilingly as he came up to them.

"This is Jacob Sterin, my father's old friend, Edward," she said. "Jacob," turning to the old man, "this is Lord Rothley, my husband."

"I am pleased to know you," Lord Rothley said, extending his hand to Jacob.

Jacob stood motionless, staring at him, his face very white.

"I cannot take your hand!" he said, at length. "It is the hand of a murderer!"

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very dramatic happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

* * *

CHILDREN AFFECTED

By Mother's Food and Drink.

Many babies have been launched into life with constitutions weakened by disease taken in with their mother's milk. Mothers cannot be too careful as to the food they use while nursing their babies.

The experience of a Kansas City mother is a case in point:

"I was a great coffee drinker from a child, and thought I could not do without it. But I found at last it was doing me harm. For years I had been troubled with dizziness, spots before my eyes and pain in my heart, to which was added, two years later, a chronic sour stomach.

"The baby was born 7 months ago, and almost from the beginning, it, too, suffered from sour stomach. She was taking it from me!

"In my distress I consulted a friend of more experience and she told me to quit coffee, that coffee did not make good milk. I have since ascertained that it really dries up the milk.

"So, I quit coffee and tried tea and at last cocoa. But they did not agree with me. Then I turned to Postum with the happiest results. It proved to be the very thing I needed. It not only agreed perfectly with baby and myself, but it increased the flow of my milk.

"My husband then quit coffee and used Postum and quickly got well of the dyspepsia with which he had been troubled. I no longer suffer from the dizziness, blind spells, pain in my heart or sour stomach.

"Now we all drink Postum from my husband to my seven months' old baby. It has proved to be the best hot drink we have ever used. We would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever drank."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the little book "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter. A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

* * *

New One on Him.

A youth from Calhoun County, Ill., which has nothing but steamboat transportation, came over to Elsberry, Mo., the other day to catch a Burlington train to St. Louis.

He had never seen a train, and when the Hannibal local came rolling in he stood there gaping, watched it hiss and steam and finally pull out.

"I thought you was goin' to St. Louis on that train!" shouted the station agent, thrusting his head through the window.

"I was," answered the youth, "but they didn't put down no gangplank."

* * *

Notice to Readers.

The attention of every reader of the Ledger is called to the advertisement of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy, which appears in this issue. Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., the discoverer and proprietor, is a man of such character that his claims for the remedy and his promises may be relied upon in every particular.

As he offers absolutely free a trial sample of his Catarrh Remedy, it is certainly well worth the while of every sufferer to write him and give the remedy a trial, at least to this extent. It is evident that unless the remedy is a good one he could not afford to make this offer.

A Lady and a Lawyer.

The only woman in part 2 of the Court of General Sessions was Miss Freda Thomas, a petite and girlish Portia, who was defending George Davis on the charge of burglary in the third degree, runs a story in the New York Evening Sun. Judge Crain in summing up praised the young woman's conduct of the case, saying that she had defended the prisoner ably.

The courtroom was filled to overflowing by a big panel of jurors and every spectator gazed with evident curiosity at the slight figure of the girl counselor. She wore a turban of black split straw garnished with a bunch of cerise quills and a clinging black silk gown which set off her brilliant complexion to the greatest advantage.

This was the second day of the case, and the jury having become accustomed to listening to a girl counselor, and seeming to be far from concerned as to the fate of the defendant, gazed out of the window in twelve directions with detached and stony stares.

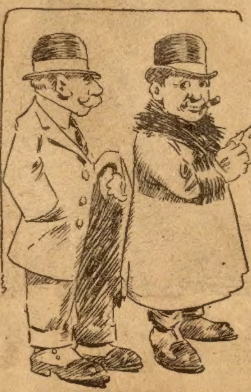
First, the petite Portia summed up. Her voice made a low and pleasant sound in the room for some time and then Assistant District Attorney Wilmot took up the tale. He referred, first to the fact that it was seldom that a prisoner at that bar was defended by a "lady."

"I object," exclaimed Miss Thomas vehemently. "I object to any reflection on my sex. I am a lawyer."

"You are both a lady and a lawyer," said Judge Crain, soothingly.

* * *

The Similarity.



Bildad—My wife's biscuits are like diamonds.

Grayley—That's quite a compliment.

Bildad—You bet it is. It isn't every biscuit that's hard enough to cut glass.

* * *

Outdoing a Dutchman.

Harry Gebler, mayor of High Point, N. J., is a relator of good stories, and this is one of them.

In the old days an American wooden ship of war once lay in a Dutch port, and a number of Dutch sailors came aboard to fraternize.

Shortly a spirit of rivalry arose. The sailors tried to outdo one another in athletic tricks, and the honors were for some time with the Americans. Finally, however, to the consternation of our men, one Dutchman climbed to the very top of the mainmast and there stood on his head.

Seeing that his fellows were much downcast by reason of the Dutchman's feat, one Irishman leaped to his feet, exclaiming:

"By hivins! I won't let a fat Dutchman beat me."

Accordingly this reckless Celt scampered up the mast monkey-like, and when he had reached the top he prepared to duplicate the foreigner's feat. He put his head down and gave a push with his feet. The first push wasn't hard enough, and he dropped back. But the second push was too hard, and he fell, heels over head.

His back struck the first rope, his legs the next, his neck the next, and so, on, somersault after somersault, till, astonishing as it may seem, he landed on his feet on the deck.

"Do that, ye son-of-a-gun!" he shouted, as soon as he could get his breath. "Do that!"

* * *

Virtues of the Goat.

It is estimated that the provender consumed by a single cow will suffice for eight goats, whereas the milk of six goats equals the supply from one cow in measure, and much more than that in lacteal wealth. But in our country, the Washington Post observes, there is a prejudice against the goat, though it is a consumer of no foods except the cleanest and those altogether vegetable, whereas a chicken will eat anything at hand.

Yet the goat is making his way. Thousands of us in this town eat "lamb chops" from a kid. It is just as good, or better, for whoever heard of a sick goat, though all of us have read of diseased sheep? Robinson Crusoe told of a goat that was ill, but it was from old age and due to the starvation that came to him from falling into a cavern whence he could not emerge.

The goat is a public benfactor, especially the Angora or Maltese breed. He cleans your farm of pestiferous sprouts and noxious weeds. He defies and defeats the sheep-killing dog. He is thrifty and shifts for himself in greatly more measures than does the sheep, though he requires care, as does every farm animal from chicken to stallion.

Cheese from the milk of a goat is much richer and far more wholesome than that from the cow, and he that drinks half a pint of warm milk fresh from the udder of the goat every morning at frugal breakfast will geatly prolong his life.

Possibly it is true that one cow, after she is discharged from the dairy, will make more beef than eight goats, but it will not be such wholesome flesh.

Here's to the goat!

* * *

Anything to Please.

An influential woman member of a fashionable church in Philadelphia had gone to her pastor with the complaint that she was greatly disturbed by one of her neighbors.

"Why," said she, "that man in the pew behind ours destroys all my devotional feelings when he tries to sing. Couldn't you ask him to change his pew?"

The pastor reflected. "Well," said he, at last, "I naturally feel a little delicacy on that score, especially as I should have to give a reason. But I tell you what I might do—I might ask him to join the choir."

* * *

Overfatness Condemned.

Fat, or even fattish, women readers who want to be in the mode this year must understand that the demand is for lines, not curves, and govern themselves accordingly.

That means OFF with the fat. It has become a duty. Many are trying exercise or dieting; but it is certain they will find these methods too slow and unreliable. The cheapest and safest way to get in form for the Directoire mode is by means of Marmola Prescription Tablets. Any druggist (or the Marmola Co., 1238 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich.) will give you a large-sized case of these elegant little fat reducers, containing a good, generous supply, for seventy-five cents, and even this quantity should be enough to make a decided impression on your excess fat. Many have lost as much as a pound a day.

These Marmola Prescription Tablets may be used with impunity and likewise perfect confidence, for, being made strictly in accordance with the famous Marmola Prescription, they are, of course, quite harmless. They are rather beneficial than otherwise, in fact, never disturbing the stomach or causing a wrinkling of the flesh.

* * *

Not the Lathery Kind.

A New Jersey farmer came to the city the other day and, among other things, he visited a high class restaurant. His appetite ran to cheese, and, inquiring of the waiter what sort of cheese was listed, remarked that he desired "something new."

"Why don't you try a bit of roquefort?" suggested the waiter.

"What's that?" asked the farmer. "Hang it," he added, "bring me some. I like the name anyway."

He ate of it and liked it. So he thought he would take some home to the wife. Arriving late, he laid the small cheese wrapped in silver paper on the sideboard.

He forgot to inquire about it till next night and then he asked his wife how she liked it.

"O, I s'pose it's mighty stylish up to the city, but I jes kinder couldn't use it. I couldn't get no foam out of it, and when I washed the children they smelled kinder funny, and I can't say I like it."

* * *

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of child-birth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at child-birth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 200 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

* * *

For Engaged Girl.

Monogrammed Turkish towels are now included among presents to the engaged girl. An oval of linen about four inches across has the initials embroidered upon by hand.

This medallion is stitched into the toweling with two rows of fine machine stitching. Usually the marking is in pink or old blue and if a monogram instead of separate initials is used, a round medallion looks better than the oval one.

Famous Ghost Stories

THE RED ROOM

By H. G. WELLS

I CAN assure you,” said I, “that it will take a very tangible ghost to frighten me.” And I stood up before the fire with my glass in my hand.

“It is your own choosing,” said the man with the withered arm, and glanced at me askance.

“Eight-and-twenty years,’ said I, “I have lived, and never a ghost have I seen as yet.”

The old woman sat staring into the fire, her pale eyes wide open. ‘Ay,” she broke in, “and eight-and-twenty years you have lived, and never seen the likes of this house, I reckon. There's a many things to see, when one's still but eight-and-twenty.” She swayed her head slowly from side to side. “A many things to see and sorrow for.”

I half suspected these old people were trying to enhance the spectral terrors of their house by this droning insistence. I put down my empty glass on the table, and, looking about the room, caught a glimpse of myself, abbreviated and broadened to an impossible sturdiness, in the queer old mirror beside the china cupboard. “Well,” I said, ‘if I see anything tonight, I shall be so much the wiser. For I come to the business with an open mind.”

“It's your own choosing,” said the man with the withered arm once more.

I heard the faint sound of a stick and shambling step on the flags in the passage outside. The door creaked on its hinges as a second old man entered more bent, more wrinkled, more aged even than the first. He supported himself by the help of a crutch, his eyes were covered by a shade, and his lower lip, half averted, hung pale and pink from his decaying yellow teeth. He made straight for an armchair on the opposite side of the table, sat down clumsily, and began to cough. The man with the withered hand gave the newcomer a short glance of positive dislike; the old woman took no notice of his arrival, but remained with her eyes fixed steadily on the fire.

“I said—it's your own choosing,” said the man with the withered arm, when the coughing had ceased for a while.

“It's my own choosing,” I answered.

The man with the shade became aware of my presence for the first time, and threw his head back for a moment, and sidewise, to see me. I caught a momentary glimpse of his eyes, small and bright and inflamed. Then he began to cough and splutter again.

“Why don't you drink?” said the man with the withered arm, pushing the beer toward him. The man with the shade poured out a glassful with a shaking hand, that splashed half as much again on the deal table. A monstrous shadow of him crouched upon the wall, and mocked his action as he poured and drank. I must confess I had scarcely expected these grotesque custodians. There is, to my mind, something inhuman in senility, something crouching and atavistic; the human qualities seem to drop from old people insensibly day by day. The three of them made me feel uncomfortable with their gaunt silences, their bent carriage, their evident unfriendliness to me and to one another. And that night, perhaps, I was in the mood for uncomfortable impressions. I resolved to get away from their vague foreshadowings of the evil things upstairs.

“If,” said I, “you will show me to this haunted room of yours, I will make myself comfortable there.”

The old man with the cough jerked his head back so suddenly that it startled me, and shot another glance of his red eyes at me from out of the darkness under the shade, but no one answered me. I waited a minute, glancing from one to the other. The old woman stared like a dead body, glaring into the fire with lack-luster eyes.

“If,” I said, a little louder, “if you will show me to this haunted room of yours, I will relieve you from the task of entertaining me.”

“There's a candle on the slab outside the door,” said the man with the withered arm, looking at my feet as he addressed me. “But if you go to the Red Room tonight—”

“This night of all nights!” said the old woman, softly.

“—You go alone.”

“Very well,” I answered, shortly, “and which way do I go?”

“You go along the passage for a bit,” said he, nodding his head on his shoulder at the door, “until you come to a spiral staircase; and on the second landing is a door covered with green baize. Go through that, and down the long corridor to the end, and the Red Room is on your left up the steps.”

“Have I got that right?” I said, and repeated his directions.

He corrected me in one particular.

“And you are really going?” said the man with the shade, looking at me again for the third time with that queer, unnatural tilting of the face.

“This night of all nights!” whispered the old woman.

“It is what I came for,” I said, and moved toward the door. As I did so, the old man with the shade rose and staggered round the table, so as to be closer to the others at the fire. At the door I turned and looked at them, and saw they were all close together, dark against the firelight, staring at me over their shoulders, with an intent expression on their ancient faces.

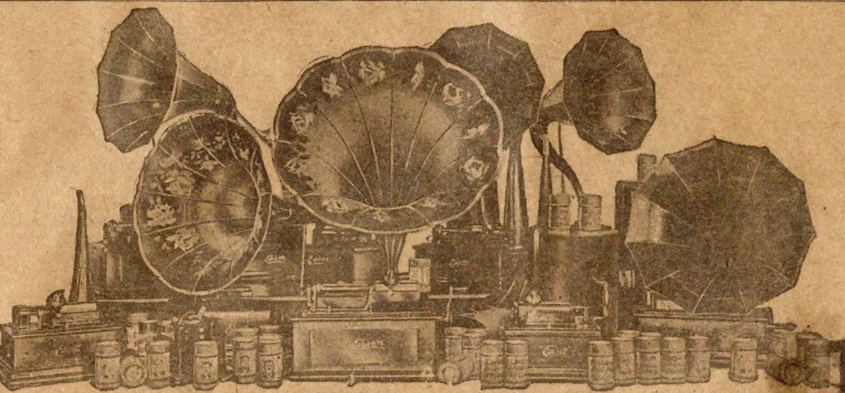
“Good night,” I said, setting the door open.

“It's your own choosing,” said the man with the withered arm.

I left the door wide open until the candle was well alight, and then I shut them in, and walked down the chilly, echoing passage.

I must confess that the oddness of these three old pensioners in whose charge her ladyship had left the castle, and the deep-toned, old-fashioned furniture of the housekeeper's room, in which they foregathered, had affected me curiously in spite of my effort to keep myself at a matter-of-fact phase. They seemed to belong to another age, an older age, an age when things spiritual were indeed to be feared, when common sense was uncommon, an age when omens and witches were credible, and ghosts beyond denying. Their very existence, thought I, is spectral; the cut of their clothing, fashions born in dead brains; the ornaments and conveniences in the room about them even are ghostly—the thoughts of vanished men, which still haunt rather than participate in the world of today. And the passage I was in, long and shadowy, with a film of moisture glistening on the wall, was as gaunt and cold as a thing that is dead and rigid. But with an effort I sent such thoughts to the right-about. The long, drafty subterranean passage was chilly and dusty, and my candle flared and made the shadows cower and quiver. The echoes rang up and down the spiral staircase, and a shadow came sweeping up after me, and another fled before me into the darkness overhead. I came to the wide landing and stopped there for a moment listening to a rustling that I fancied I heard creeping behind me, and then, satisfied of the absolute silence, pushed open the unwilling baize-covered door and stood in the silent corridor.

The effect was scarcely what I expected, for the moonlight, coming in by the great window on the grand staircase, picked out everything in vivid black shadow or reticulated silvery illumination. Everything seemed in its proper position; the house might have been deserted on the yesterday instead of twelve months ago. There were candles in the sockets of the sconces, and whatever dust had gathered on the carpets or upon the polished flooring was distributed so evenly as to be invisible in my candlelight. A waiting stillness was over everything. I was about to advance, and stopped abruptly. A bronze group stood upon the landing hidden from me by a corner of the wall; but its shadow fell with marvelous distinctness upon the white paneling and gave me the impression of some one crouching to waylay me. The thing jumped upon my attention suddenly. I stood rigid for half a moment, perhaps. Then, with my hand in the pocket that held the revolver, I advanced, only to discover a Ganymede and Eagle, glistening in the moonlight. That incident for a time restored my nerve, and a dim porcelain Chinaman on



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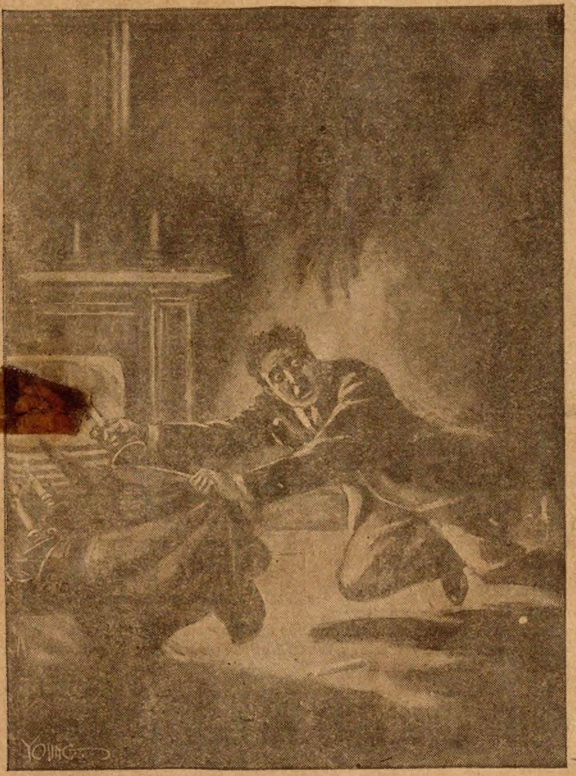
a buhl table, whose head rocked as I passed, scarcely startled me.

The door of the Red Room and the steps up to it were in a shadowy corner I moved my candle from side to side in order to see clearly the nature of the recess in which I stood, before opening the door. Here it was, thought I, that my predecessor was found, and the memory of that story gave me a sudden twinge of apprehension. I glanced over my shoulder at the black Ganymede in the moonlight, and opened the door of the Red Room rather hastily, with my face half turned to the pallid silence of the corridor.

I entered, closed the door behind me at once, turned the key I found in the lock within, and stood with the candle held aloft surveying the scene of my vigil, the great Red Room of Lorraine Castle, in which the young Duke had died; or rather in which he had begun his dying, for he had opened the door and fallen headlong down the steps I had just ascended. That had been the end of his vigil, of his gallant attempt to conquer the ghostly tradition of the place, and never, I thought, had apoplexy better served the ends of superstition. There were other and older stories that clung to the room, back to the half-incredible beginning of it all, the tale of a timid wife and the tragic end that came to her husband's jest of frightening her. And looking round that huge shadowy room with its black window bays, its recesses ings and dark gigantic furniture, one and alcoves, its dusty brown-red hang- could well understand the legends that had sprouted in its black corners, its germinating darkness. My candle was a little tongue of light in the vastness of the chamber; its rays failed to pierce to the opposite end of the room, and left an ocean of dull red mystery and suggestion, sentinel shadows and watching darkness beyond its island of light. And the stillness of desolation brooded over it all.



I stumbled and fell.

I must confess some impalpable quality of that ancient room disturbed me. I tried to fight the feeling down. I resolved to make a systematic examination of the place, and so, by leaving nothing to the imagination, dispel the fanciful suggestions of the obscurity before they obtained a hold upon me. After satisfying myself of the fastening of the door, I began to walk around the room, peering round each article of furniture, tucking up the valances of the bed and opening its curtains wide. In one place there was a distinct echo to my footsteps, the noises I made seemed so little that they enhanced rather than broke the silence of the place. I pulled up the blinds and examined the fastenings of the several windows. Attracted by the fall of a particle of dust, I leaned forward and looked up the blackness of the wide chimney. Then, trying to preserve my scientific attitude of mind, I walked round and began tapping the oak paneling for any secret opening, but I desisted before reaching the alcove. I saw my face in a mirror—white.

There were two big mirrors in the room, each with a pair of sconces bearing candles, and on the mantelshelf, too, were candles in china candlesticks. All these I lit one after the other. The fire was laid—an unexpected consideration from the old housekeeper—and I lit it, to keep down any disposition to shiver, and when it was burning well I stood round with my back to it and regarded the room again. I had pulled up a chintz-covered armchair and a table to form a kind of barricade before me. On this lay my revolver, ready to hand. My precise examination had done me a little good, but I still found the remoter darkness of the place and its perfect stillness too stimulating for the imagination. The echoing of the stir and crackling of the fire was no sort of comfort to me. The shadow in the alcove at the end of the room began to display that undefinable quality of a presence, that odd suggestion of a lurking living thing that comes so easily in silence and solitude. And to reassure myself, I walked with a candle into it and satisfied myself that there was nothing tangible there. I stood that candle upon the floor of the alcove and left it in that exposed position.

By this time I was in a state of considerable nervous tension, although to my reason there was no adequate cause for my condition. My mind, however, was perfectly clear. I postulated quite unreservedly that nothing supernatural could happen, and to pass the time I began stringing some rhymes together, Ingoldsby fashion, concerning the original legend of the place. A few I spoke aloud, but the echoes were not pleasant. For the same reason I also abandoned, after a time, a conversation with myself upon the impossibility of ghosts and haunting. My mind reverted to the three old and distorted people downstairs, and I tried to keep it upon that topic.

The somber reds and grays of the room troubled me; even with its seven candles the place was merely dim. The light in the alcove flaring in a draft, and the fire flickering, kept the shadows and penumbra perpetually shifting and stirring in a noiseless flighty dance. Casting about for a remedy, I recalled the wax candles I had seen in the corridor, and, with a slight effort, carrying a candle and leaving the door open, I walked out into the moonlight, and presently returned with as many as ten. These I put in the various knick-knacks of china with which the room was sparsely adorned, and lit and placed them where the shadows had lain deepest, some on the floor, some in the window recesses, arranging and rearranging them until at last my seventeen candles were so placed that not an inch of the room but had the direct light of at least one of them. It occurred to me that when the ghost came I could warn him not to trip over them. The room was now quite brightly illuminated. There was something very cheering and reassuring in these little silent streaming flames, and to notice their steady diminution of length offered me an occupation and gave me a reassuring sense of the passage of time.

Even with that, however, the brooding expectation of the vigil weighed heavily enough upon me. I stood watching the minute hand of my watch creep towards midnight.

Then something happened in the alcove. I did not see the candle go out, I simply turned and saw that the darkness was there, as one might start and see the unexpected presence of a stranger. The black shadow had sprung back to its place. "By Jove," said I aloud, recovering from my surprise, "that draft's a strong one;" and taking the matchbox from the table, I walked across the room in a leisurely manner to relight the corner again. My first match would not strike, and as I succeeded with the second something seemed to blink on the wall before me. I turned my head involuntarily and saw that the two candles on the little table by the fireplace were extinguished. I rose at once to my feet.

"Oh," I said. "Did I do that myself in a flash of absentmindedness?"

I walked back, relit one, and as I did so I saw the candle in the right sconce of one of the mirrors wink and go right out, and almost immediately its companion followed it. The flames vanished as if the wick had been suddenly nipped between a finger and thumb, leaving the wick neither glowing nor smoking, but black. While I stood gaping the candle at the foot of the bed went out, and the shadows seemed to take another step toward me.

"This won't do!" said I, and first one and then another candle on the mantelshelf followed.

"What's up?" I cried, with a queer high note getting into my voice somehow. At that the candle on the corner of the wardrobe went out, and the one I had relit in the alcove followed.

"Steady on!" I said, "those candles are wanted," speaking with a half-hysterical facetiousness, and scratching away at a match the while, "for the mantel candlesticks." My hands trembled so much that twice I missed the rough paper of the matchbox. As the mantel emerged from darkness again, two candles in the remoter end of the room were eclipsed. But with the same match I also relit the larger mirror candles, and those on the floor near the doorway, so that for the moment I seemed to gain on the extinctions. But then in a noiseless volley there vanished four lights at once in different corners of the room, and I struck another match in quivering haste, and stood hesitating whither to take it.

As I stood undecided, an invisible hand seemed to sweep out the two candles on the table. With a cry of terror I dashed at the alcove, then into the corner and then into the window, relighting three as two more vanished by the fireplace, and then, perceiving a better way, I dropped matches on the iron-bound deedbox in the corner, and caught up the bedroom candlestick. With this I avoided the delay of striking matches, but for all that the steady process of extinction went on, and the shadows I feared and fought against returned, and crept in upon me, first a step gained on this side of me, then on that. I was now almost frantic with horror of the coming darkness, and my self-possession deserted me. I leaped panting from candle to candle in a vain struggle against that remorseless advance.

I bruised myself in the thigh against the table, I sent a chair headlong, I stumbled and fell and whisked the cloth from the table in my fall. My candle rolled away from me and I snatched another as I rose. Abruptly this was blown out as I swung it off the table by the wind of my sudden movement, and immediately the two remaining candles followed. But there was light still in the room, a red light, that streamed across the ceiling and staved off the shadows from me. The fire! Of course I could still thrust my candle between the bars and relight it!

I turned to where the flames were still dancing between the glowing coals and splashing red reflections upon the furniture; made two steps toward the grate, and incontinently the flames dwindled and vanished, the glow vanished, the reflections rushed together and disappeared, and as I thrust the candle between the bars darkness closed upon me like the shutting of an eye, wrapped about me in a stifling embrace, sealed my vision, and crushed the last vestiges of self-possession from my brain. And it was not only palpable darkness, but intolerable terror. The candle fell from my hands. I flung out my arms in a vain effort to thrust that ponderous blackness away from me, and lifting up my voice, screamed with all my might, once, twice, thrice. Then I think I must have staggered to my feet. I know I thought suddenly of the moonlit corridor, and with my head bowed and my arms over my face, made a stumbling run for the door.

But I had forgotten the exact position of the door, and I struck myself heavily against the corner of the bed. I staggered back, turned, and was either struck or struck myself against some other bulky furnishing. I have a vague memory of battering myself thus to and fro in the darkness, of a heavy blow at last upon my forehead, of a horrible sensation of falling that lasted an age, of my last frantic effort to keep my footing, and then I remember no more.

I opened my eyes in daylight. My head was roughly bandaged, and the man with the withered hand was watching my face. I looked about me trying to remember what had happened, and for a space I could not recollect. I rolled my eyes into the corner and saw the old woman, no longer abstracted, no longer terrible, pouring out some drops of medicine from a little blue phial into a glass. "Where am I?" I said. "I seem to remember you, and yet I can not remember who you are."

They told me then, and I heard of the haunted Red Room as one who hears a tale. "We found you at dawn," said he, "and there was blood on your forehead and lips."

I wondered that I had ever disliked him. The three of them in the daylight seemed commonplace old folk enough. The man with the green shade had his head bent as one who sleeps.

It was very slowly I recovered the memory of my experience. "You believe now," said the old man with the withered hand, "that the room is haunted?" He spoke no longer as one who greets an intruder, but as one who condoles with a friend.

"Yes," said I, "the room is haunted."

"And you have seen it. And we who have been here all our lives have never set eyes upon it. Because we have never dared. Tell us, is it truly the old earl who—"

"No," said I, "it is not."

"I told you so," said the old lady, with the glass in her hand. "It is his poor young countess who was frightened—"

"It is not," I said. "There is neither ghost of earl nor ghost of countess in that room; there is no ghost there at all, but worse, far worse, something impalpable—"

"Well?" they said.

"The worst of all the things that haunt poor mortal men," said I; "and that is in all its nakedness—'Fear!' Fear that will not have light nor sound, that will not bear with reason, that deafens and darkens and overwhelms. It followed me through the corridor, it fought against me in the room—"

I stopped abruptly. There was an interval of silence. My hand went up to my bandages. "The candles went out one after another, and I fled—"

Then the man with the shade lifted his face sideways to see me and spoke.

"That is it," said he. "I knew that was it. A Power of Darkness. To put such a curse upon a home! It lurks there always. You can feel it even in the daytime, even of a bright summer's day, in the hangings, in the curtains, keeping behind you however you face about. In the dusk it creeps in the corridor and follows you, so that you dare not turn. It is even as you say. Fear itself is in that room. Black Fear.... And there it will be....so long as this house of sin endures."

In next week's Ledger "The Signal Man" by Charles Dickens. Do not miss any of these ghost stories. You will find them great.

* * *

Beaten at Own Game.

He was a sewing machine agent of the most aggressive type. For 20 minutes the lady of the house had been awaiting an opportunity to say she already possessed one. At last he paused. Only long enough, however, to thrust a card into the lady's hand. The bid of pasteboard was certainly a novelty. "My name is Sellem," it read, "of the firm of Blang & Co., sewing machine manufacturers, and I intend to prove to you that it is madness to defer purchasing one of our unequaled machines." After a long description of the machine came the following: "You may plead that you are unable to work a machine. I will remove that objection in 15 minutes, or in three lessons. Will call next Wednesday."

When the agent called again, a six-foot man opened the door and blandly remarked: "You're the sewing machine man, I suppose?" "Yes! I came last week, and—" "Yes, I know," interrupted the big man. "You don't know me, I suppose? My name's Bury, of Bury & Keepum, undertakers, and I intend to prove to you that it is madness to defer purchasing one of our unequaled coffins." The agent began to edge away. "You may plead that you are scarcely qualified for a coffin," the big man went on. "I will remove that objection in 10 seconds." But the agent simply tore from the house.

* * *

The Reason.

Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Meyers says that she was told by a lady the other night that she was beautiful.

Mrs. Smith—Um—I see; somebody wanted to borrow her shirt waist pattern.

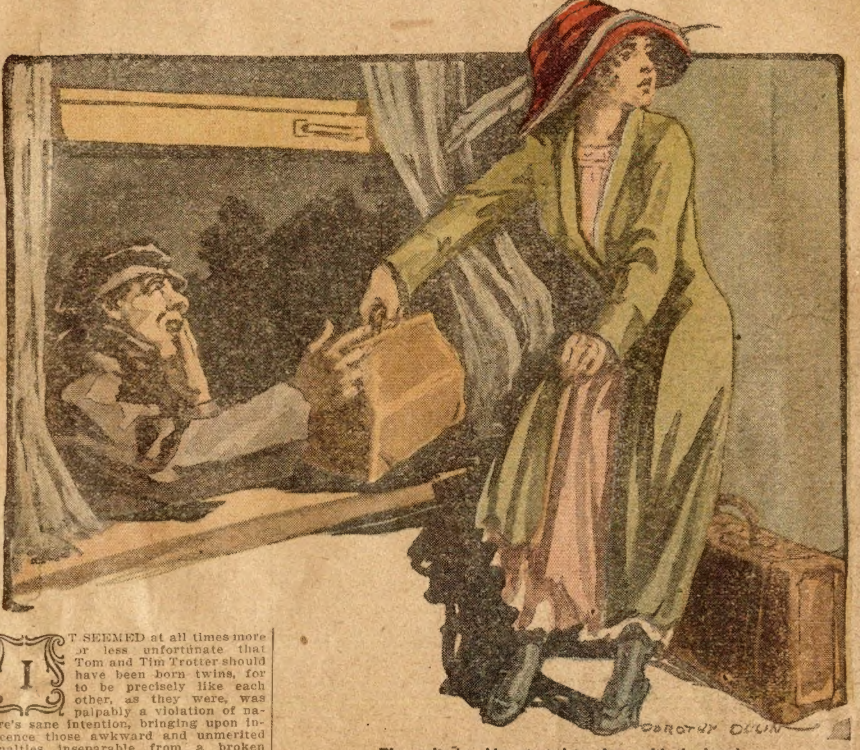
*

A scientist says the human race is more than 18,000,000 years old—yet some specimens don't know enough yet to close the door on a zero day.

A Tangled Wedding Journey;

Or, A Bride and Groom's Adventure

By Alvah Milton Kerr



The excited maiden started to elope with the burglar.

IT SEEMED at all times more or less unfortunate that Tom and Tim Trotter should have been born twins, for to be precisely like each other, as they were, was palpably a violation of nature's sane intention, bringing upon innocence those awkward and unmerited penalties inseparable from a broken natural law. Though it promised hardship, there was the glaring, ineffaceable fact. Of course the twins were not to blame, but nature couldn't help that, or at least it was now too late to help it, since beyond cavil man cannot be born again, except in the spiritual sense. As with one born with pumpkin on his neck in lieu of a serviceable head, they had simply to bear it, that was all.

For the most part the fact that the Trotter twins were as like as two peas was not noticeably inconvenient—in truth, the condition had certain saving aspects, since the hats and clothing of one had only to be duplicated for the other, and if one fell ill the other could be installed in his position without any one being the wiser.

But all of this might have been borne with equanimity, as so many insignificant gnats vexing the face of life, had not Tom and Tim ultimately fallen neck deep in love with the same darling girl, with the further lamentable fact that the darling girl fell as deeply in love with both of them. At first glance this greedy weakness on the part of Miss Susan Shysmile, their rainbow, seems remarkable, if, indeed, not actually reprehensible. But when fairly considered it is seen to be not at all inconsistent, for obviously those qualities of form and face which drew her to Tom, being practically the same in Tim, attracted her with equal sureness to the latter. Then certainly she was not to blame.

Still the fact that no one was really in error did not mend or relieve the situation, and as time progressed it became lamentably apparent that the situation must find relief or, to put it clearly, suffer explosion.

So, after many quarrels and misunderstandings had been composed, and had as often broken out afresh, Tim and Tom agreed that one or the other of them of necessity would have to shoulder his burden of disappointment and seek other fields of life. In order to reach a decision as to which one should go they agreed to submit to the hazard of tossing up a coin, letting the verdict rest with the turning of heads or tails. Accordingly a mutual friend tossed the piece of silver for them, Tim choosing heads and Tom tails, but to their amazement and secret relief the coin fell upon its edge and stood upright in a crevice. Then they prepared a long and short straw and the friend held those while they drew cuts. But when they had drawn they found that the long straw had broken off and both straws were exactly the same length. They then divided an apple in two parts, but found the same number of seeds in each half.

"It begins to look as if we both would have to marry her," said Tom.

Thereupon the twins shook hands and agreed that both should go away, Tim to San Francisco and Tom to New York, and thus leave sweet Susan to some lover who fortunately had not been born double. In pursuance of this resolve they were to set forth into the world at nearly the same hour, the one on a train going east and the other by a train going west from this town on the Mississippi where they had been born to such unhappy fortune. But, curiously enough, each twin arrived at the station too late to board his train, and they returned home together. It was an omen, they said. Obviously fate was against them and had decreed that they should remain and accept the consequences.

Luckily, however, that night Tim dreamed that sweet Susan had married both of them, and to punish her for her crime the authorities were going to divide her in two parts perpendicularly, the right half to live with Tom and the left half to live with himself, while the minister who conducted the marriage ceremony was sentenced to the penitentiary. This awful vision of the night so shocked gentle Tim that he arose, and, taking his handbag, left on the early morning train for San Francisco.

The field of courtship being thus happily cleared for Tom he began pressing his suit for sweet Susan's hand with renewed ardor, and without great reluctance on the dear girl's part presently received her assent to wed. However, a decent exhibition of respect for poor Tim's memory seemed imperative, for to Susan Tim was much like a lover just buried, or at least like a dear friend who had sacrificed himself that she might peacefully wed another. Such heroism and nobility of action must perforce have recognition; hence the delay of the nuptials during several months.

The happy event at length being not far distant the doting parents of the Trotter twins besought the exiled Tim to return home, if only for the wedding. Unexpectedly to all, Tim consented. Thereupon Tom and Susan, fearing a revival of the old dilemma, decided to elope. But alas, the blight of a most annoying and unusual disaster fell upon and defeated their romantic purpose, for Tom, in the most ungallant fashion, slept the whole night through, when he should have been at his lady's window ready to fly with her at 2 o'clock in the morning.

This dereliction proved bitterly unfortunate, since a young Chicago burglar, unconscious of the delicate situation but much in command of his own faculties, presented himself at Susan's window at the pregnant moment appointed for Tom's appearance, and the excited maiden, having in the darkness mistaken the burglar for her Tom, started to elope with the cracksman. Happily Tim arrived from San Francisco by the same train in which the romantic burglar was slyly spiriting sweet Susan away, and heroically rescued the darling girl.

This humiliating faux pas, occasioned by Tom's stupidity and mended by Tim's gallantry, changed the whole face of affairs. Miss Shysmile repudiated poor Tom utterly and vowed that she would wed only with dear Tim, and that upon the day set for her marriage with Tom.

This actually took place—at least as far as one might judge in such a peculiar case. Tim married sweet Susan. Of course there were some who doubted, since there is more than one skeptic for every fact, but the writer, being present and knowing all the circumstances, feels satisfied that it was Tim and not Tom who took Miss Shysmile to wife.

At all events the clergyman who administered the wedding vows took manifest pains to establish in his own mind and the minds of those present at the rites that it was really Tim and not Tom whom he was joining irrevocably to Susan. Indubitably the minister had doubts and wished to dissolve them. For Tom had disappeared—at least one of the twins had flown, and, it having been ascertained that he had purchased a ticket to San Francisco, naturally the question arose if this might not have been Tim going back to his position in the coast city.

In that case the twin remaining would be compelled to assume that he was Tim, for Susan had vowed to wed with no one else. Hence the clergyman's mental discomfort and the need of great care lest the girl should be married to the wrong man.

To be sure some of the inquiries propounded by the officiating parson had a flavor of oddity about them; as, for instance, when he said to the trembling bridegroom: "You, sir, are quite certain

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that you are Mr. Tim Trotter and not your brother Tom?"

"I believe that I can say that I feel reasonably certain," replied Tim, with becoming modesty.

The minister hesitated a moment.

"Can you say that you feel morally sure that you are not now in San Francisco, and that it is your brother who is now there and not you?" he asked.

The twin who was present having declared that it was his honest belief that it was he who was present, and that he was not his brother in San Francisco, and there being no means procurable for disapproving it, he was solemnly though reluctantly pronounced the legal husband of Miss Shysmile.

Obviously the risk had to be taken; besides, to most of those present the question did not appeal as being really of much consequence, since the brothers were exactly alike anyway. No doubt it was natural that the minister should personally feel his part of the performance hazardous, since if he married Tom to Susan under the name of Tim the ceremony would necessarily have to be performed over again, or possibly Tom's children would inherit Tim's property. It was not entirely clear just what would happen. However, Tim in some degree steadied the good man's jostled scruples with an unusually generous fee, and having assured him privately that he (Tim) felt entirely sure that he was Tim, the statement was amicably admitted to be within the pale of the world's settled and acknowledged facts and was permitted to rest there.

The marriage ceremony then being at last happily over, amid congratulations, blushes, laughter, ecstatic girl squeaks, mother tears, and the hilarious flinging of slippers and rice, beaming Tim and sweet Susan rode proudly away to the station. They were setting out for Omaha, their home town being—well, we will call it Bobtown. Arriving at the station and being seated in a coach well forward in the train, the fluttering bride suddenly discovered that she had forgotten her handbag. As the bag contained things extremely essential to the bride's toilet both by day and night, quite naturally Susan was mentally upset.

A bride without those white and etherealizing articles, which properly make her seem as an angel to her lord! Well, the situation was impossible and not to be endured. Hence Susan's wildly clasped hands, her rolling, horrified eyeballs and her panting cry of "Fly, Tim, darling! Fly!"

Tim jumped out of the car and flew. The train was not due to start for ten minutes. "I will be back in just seven minutes!" yelled Tim, as he flew up the street toward Susan's home.

But when he returned, hatless and perspiring at every pore, the train had gone!

Tim perspired afresh. Consternation seized him. What would become of his darling? In his hatless condition he ran up and down the platform, stuttering out exclamations of despair. A friend gave him a silk hat three sizes too large for him, counseling him at the same time to fight off the insanity which seemed gathering upon him. The only plan that looked feasible was to forward a telegram to the unfortunate Susan at Iowa City, telling her to alight there and wait until the bridegroom could reach her on the next train. This was attempted, but the inevitable delay occurred and the message did not reach Iowa City in time to be delivered.

Before Susan had reached Iowa City she was in the full tide of hysterics. In the meantime Tim had followed on a freight train—excited, but consoled by the expectation of finding his bride in Iowa City. Arriving at that town he was dumfounded to learn that nothing had been seen or heard of Susan. Rushing to the telegraph office he dispatched a hasty message to Des Moines, hoping to catch the passenger train ere it passed that station. Waiting in agony through an hour at Iowa City he took another accommodation train, and, still, perspiring, followed toward the west.

In the meantime the hysterical bride had reached Des Moines, and happening to see a train going in the opposite direction scrambled aboard it and started back to Bobtown. When she arrived at Iowa City she made inquiries and was handed her husband's first message, telling her to wait at Iowa City until he arrived. This instruction she attempted to follow, but presently found that Tim had been there and gone on westward. Wild with love and anxiety, she boarded a freight train and started in pursuit.

But what of Tim? Arriving at Des Moines he found that his message had not been delivered to Susan. No one had seen her, for the good reason that she had jumped off her train on the side farthest from the station and had instantly boarded another train going eastward. Tim began to look like a candidate for a home for the feeble minded. There seemed but one solution possible—Susan must have gone on to their destination. So he boarded the train and continued on to Omaha. Arriving in Omaha in the morning he found that his bride had not been there. In mental panic he started eastward. Arriving at Bobtown in the evening he found that nothing had been seen of his bride. He at once started westward.

In the meantime Susan had staid over night in Des Moines. In the morning she started for Omaha, and not finding her husband there started eastward. Arriving in Bobtown she started westward again, while the perspiring Tim, having arrived in Omaha and finding no trace of his newmade wife, started eastward. It is not unreasonable to fancy that they would still be chasing each other back and forth across the State of Iowa, only that Tom, returning after having gone as far west as Salt Lake City, unexpectedly met Susan in the railway station in Council Bluffs.

"At last, at last, my darling Tim!" cried the dear girl, flinging herself into his arms with the picturesque abandon of lunacy.

"But I am not Tim! I am Tom!" gasped the returned traveler. "I made up my mind to come back and settle up my affairs like a sensible man and go West for good."

Susan gazed at him a moment with tearful eyes. "O, Tim, then you have gone insane, too!" she cried. "Do I show it much? I am sure I've been that way for two days now!"

"If you mean crazy, then you look it, all right," said Tom. "Where is Tim, anyway?"

"O, you are he! Don't, don't keep me in suspense longer, I implore you!" cried poor Susan, tragically.

"Look here, my girl, you get on the train and go home with me. The first thing you know they will have you in the insane asylum," said Tom, beginning to get both angry and frightened.

"Then you are really Tom?"

"That's who I am."

Susan was going to embrace him again, but remembering their disastrous elopement desisted. Instead she said imploringly: "Then help me; help me to find darling Tim, and help Tim to find me!"

"It's as I expected," said Tom, sarcastically. "That twin can't keep track of himself, much less keep in sight of his wife. He ought to have a guardian. You are out here on your wedding tour, I suppose?"

"Yes, I am; I don't know whether Tim is or not."

"You lost him?"

"Yes, and he lost me." Then poor, distracted Susan told the whole story as best she could.

Tom seemed to enjoy it, though he had the decency to commiserate the distressed maiden on the fact that her wedded life had opened so ominously. However, when presently an opportunity presented he went behind a box car and was observed to jump and kick and fall against the car and laugh so inordinately as to threaten the rupture of an artery.

However, our hero—the character of hero having now shifted from Tim to Tom—journeyed eastward with the worried maiden and in due time brought her home. Tom then set out westward in search of Tim, and presently from the city of Des Moines telegraphed to Susan: "I have him liberated; come on," which was indeed cheering though mysterious news. Thereupon Susan, accompanied by her father and Tim's father, set out for the capital, the two elderly and disquieted men having made up their minds to employ their united energy in an attempt to get the young married couple off together on their wedding tour westward from Des Moines.

Matters passed off rapidly, if not smoothly as one might wish, when the train reached Des Moines, for Tim spied Susan's worried face at a car window as the train drew in, and rushed aboard at once. Finding his own father and the father of his bride present, Tim's chagrin and resentment were greatly augmented.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you would oblige me by vacating this car. I think I am capable of conducting this funeral."

Both the elderly gentlemen responded that obviously he could conduct a funeral, but scarcely a thing so lively as a wedding journey, and in high dudgeon got out of the car.

Tom received them gleefully. "Now," he said, "we've got them in the car together, I'll stand on the other side of the car and you two stand on this side, and we'll see that neither of them gets away." It must be confessed that this was unnecessary and more or less malicious, but Tom had lost Susan and had suffered great chagrin beforetimes, and naturally wished to make things even.

When the train drew out of the station Susan waved her hand feebly to her friends on the platform; then she and Tim looked at each other queerly for a long time.

At last Tim said: "Well, you are a lulu, you are! Why didn't you get off the train when you found that I hadn't got back with the handbag?"

"I was going to," quavered Susan, "but some one said that a man had jumped on the back end of the train with a valise in his hand, and I supposed it was you. If it had been you, and I had jumped off, then you would have gone away on the train without me, and then—and then—"

Tim groaned and grated his teeth together. "I'm just out of an asylum," he said.

"O, Tim!" gasped Susan, and fell speechless, gazing at him wildly.

"Yes," rasped Tim, kicking viciously at an imaginary something under the seat. "I was looking for you in Des Moines, for I understood you had been there, and I was arrested for an escaped lunatic."

"O, Tim! How you must have looked!" cried Susan.

"Yes, I s'pose so," snarled Tim, "but I couldn't help that." Then he began to chuckle and laugh softly. "It was a funny scrape, anyway," he went on. "You see, there was an asylum out near the town, and it appears that a certain sane man come there with his insane brother to put the insane one in the institution; but the insane brother had been a preacher and was smart and good looking, while the sane brother was an ordinary looking chap. Well, you've heard how deuced cute some insane people are.

"Yes; well, this insane person was so glib and smooth tongued he really made the people at the asylum believe that he was the sane man and that he had brought his poor, loony brother to commit him to the institution. So they put the sane man in. Of course he protested and swore, but the more he ranted the more certain they were that he was the insane man, while the real lunatic was polite and sorry, and said that of course all crazy men asserted that they were not crazy, and for them to just lock his poor, demented brother up, anyhow; it could not be helped, and was all right.

"So they locked up the sane man, and the insane guy came downtown and boarded a freight train and left for home. After a few hours they found out their mistake and began scouring the town for the crazy man, and happened to run across me. So, I being a stranger and looking and acting pretty queer, they concluded I was the lunatic and run me in. Naturally I made a terrible kick—protest, I mean—but that only made the matter worse. They were sure I was crazy when I declared that I had lost my bride and was hunting for her.

"Well, they took me to the asylum and chucked me in, and, if you'll believe me, if that measly sane brother didn't think I was the right man. Maybe I looked some like the crazy preacher, but I believe the sane brother had gone half crazy himself and didn't care a rap who they put in so they let him out. Why, he only just glanced at me and then said: 'Yes, that's him,' and got out and skedaddled. You see, he didn't want to be shut up with those other lunatics any longer.

"Well, there I was shut up in a lunatic asylum, and I didn't know where in the world you were. They had to put me in a straitjacket before they could do anything with me. I don't know what would have happened, only the sane brother went home by the first train. He was in a hurry to get out of a town where they made such mistakes, you see. When he got home he found the insane preacher making mud pies and brought him back to the asylum the next day, and they let me out. When I was going up the street from the asylum I met Tom. He said he had heard that they had just put an unusually crazy man in the asylum, and he was coming out to see if it wasn't me."

Susan gazed at her husband a moment with tearful eyes. "O, Tim, just to think that I came near marrying a man who was capable of saying such a thing to you. And then—and then——" But, unable to express her feelings in language, her head dropped on his shoulder and she wept.

Tim pityingly smoothed her hair and called her his poor, innocent, blue eyed dove, and assured her that they would go to Denver and not return home for a month.

"Don't want to go home—never!" cried Susan, stamping her foot.

But they did go home, and as a truthful historian I am bound to record the fact that, despite the accidents of chance and the trickeries of fate, they lived and loved and were happy.

* * *

'Phone Proposal Won Bride.

One of the Polish belles of Holyoke was married a short time ago to a suitor who used the telephone to propose to her, thus beating out three rivals who resorted to the mails.

The bride-elect attended a dance in Springfield and made a tremendous hit.

Three young men, after pondering fervently over her charms, wrote proposals. All proposals came in the same mail the next day.

But just before the mail arrived the fourth suitor, more enterprising than his fellows, called the girl to a pay station telephone, proposed and was accepted.

The girl went home and found the three proposal letters. But she was faithful to her telephone sweetheart and had her trousseau purchased within a few days.

* * *

A Chance to Make Money.

Yes, elegant Free Homesteads adjoining valuable land, from which very fine bananas are now being sold, can still be had in Mexico. You need not go to Mexico, but must have five acres of bananas planted within five years. Address The Jantha Plantation Co., Block 593, Pittsburg, Pa.; they will plant and care for your bananas on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. Bananas begin bearing in about 15 months, bringing the quickest returns of any fruit growing. The climate is delightful and the health conditions good. Should any reader desire to procure a Homestead, apply immediately.

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Mr. Marcell is mailing out thousands of these books exposing the secrets of whiskey trust, on account of the trust's fight against him. Anyone who is interested, should write for the book as it will be sent free.

* * *

Big Game in Georgia.

Henry L. Stimson took a drive through the city of Savannah, Ga., while he was visiting there. The cabman was an old fashioned darky, who was very communicative.

"Do you have any big game in this part of the State?" inquired Stimson.

"Yas, suh; yas suhree!" responded the cabman. "Ev'y spring de New Yawk Giants plays practice games heah."

* * *

To Develop the Bust.

To the Beauty Editor: Can you tell me of any harmless way to increase the bust? I do not want any more flesh on the hips or other parts of my body, but I am so flat-chested I would try anything you thought would give me even two or three inches more development. ETHEL W.

The only thing I know of that will develop the bust without increasing the size of the hips, or without putting on flesh where not needed, is a prescription put up by The Dr. Kelly Co., especially for small and undeveloped breasts. It is the discoverey of a woman physician whose practice was largely among her own sex and in most cases increases the bust measure four to six inches a month. Send 10c to the Dr. Kelly Co., Dept. 92 CA, Buffalo, N. Y., and they will send you a trial package of the treatment without charge. This is said to be of great value in cases of arrested development of the bust and will give a full, beautiful form without anyone knowing that this treatment was used.

Many mothers have told me that after the baby had been weaned, the breasts became flabby and shrunken, but the use of Dr. Kelly's prescription made them full and firm. Do not use pads or bust forms, as they never look natural and have a bad effect upon the general health. Neither would I recommend ordinary flesh builders or tonics, as they increase the hips and limbs and with the present styles the form should be slender everywhere except a generously developed bust.

* * *

Putting It Neatly.

The banker was celebrating the anniversary of his birth.

"By the way," queried a friend, "how old are you?"

"Seventy-seven," answered the banker.

"Well," rejoined his friend, "I hope you'll rise to par."

* * *

FRECKLES.

It Is Easy to Remove Them.

For years I tried every known remedy without success. Skin specialists and doctors said I would take them to the grave. I fooled them all.

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* * *

Again the Exception.

The school teacher was trying to illustrate the difference between plants and animals.

"Plants," she explained, "are not susceptible of attachment to man as animals are."

"How about burrs, teacher?" piped a small boy who had passed the summer in the country.

* * *

Proud of His Coin.

"Sir," said the haughty aristocrat, who was as proud as he was poor, "you ought to be proud of the fact that I even recognize you."

"I am," rejoined the self-made man. "It shows that I have money."

Imelda Arden's Crime

Or, A Romance of the Ripwater

By WILLIAM T. BARTWICK

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

A LUCKY SHOT.

THE small log disappeared like a doughnut in hot grease as Calcraft vaulted to the larger cylinder of white pine.

He floated now with a much firmer footing. The current of the narrow river whirled into spray as it foamed through and about large lodgings of flood-wood, the tall trees bending their green tops far over the water.

"Holy angels preserve us!"

Calcraft staggered backward, nearly falling into the river.

His balancing pole dropped from nerveless fingers, his eyes bulging with complete astonishment. Coiled in a dull black heap, not a yard from his foot, was a huge blacksnake!

The land-cruiser was not of cowardly blood; some of it had been shed on San Juan Hill in the Spanish War, and he had encountered many dangers while cruising the woods on his numerous timber-looking trips. He drew the line at snakes, however.

His muscles grew rigid, his face white, the features twitching visibly. The nasty black serpent reared its head, emitting angry hisses, its forked tongue darting defiance at the toe of the trespasser.

Calcraft moved back as far as his precarious float would permit. The snake raised its head higher and higher, evidently determined on asserting its right to full possession of the float. The serpent was a large one and our hero of the ax and compass hesitated about trying titles with it.

A clump of timber—white pine of superior quality—had tempted the land-cruiser to cross the river without the usual tools of his craft. Fool that he was to think of going anywhere without his belt ax. Had he this he might have coped with his snakeship without danger to himself.

Calcraft was wholly at the mercy of the blacksnake.

The eye of the man became fixed on the horrible object so near at hand. He felt his flesh creep, his hair prickle, his very blood run cold in his veins. His float swayed across the current, making at length for a large pile of flood-wood. Here lay safety. Calcraft breathed again. His log sped, head on, against the mass of trees and brush about which the water was lashed to foam.

Crash went the log into the flood-wood. With the impact his snakeship straightened into the air with the surprising swiftness of a whiplash and coiled about the waist of the man!

A horrible yell from Calcraft.

The next instant he was forging his way across the mass of logs and broken tree-tops, seeking the shore with the wild scramble of a wounded deer. He reached the land and staggered up the bank, screaming and tearing at the monster coiled about his waist.

Great beads of agony welled to the surface and rolled down the man's face. The snake tightened his coil; the man panted for breath, choking with a horrible fear.

Crack!

A pistol shot rang out; the snake fell apart, squirming in dying agony on the ground. Calcraft staggered against a tree, bracing himself to retain his foothold.

Fully a minute elapsed before there was any further demonstration, after which a youth of perhaps sixteen appeared and walked timidly forward. The newcomer's face, singularly handsome, was strained and white.

"Are you hurt?" asked the boy, who held a smoking derringer in one small hand. Calcraft regarded the speaker in silence for a minute. "I was afraid my aim would not be true."

"It was true, as you see," spoke the land-cruiser, his gaze dropping to where the snake still squirmed on the ground. "I owe you my life, boy."

The speaker held out his hand in frank welcome.

"Do you imagine the danger so great?" The boy forced a smile, evidently to hide his agitation.

"I haven't got over the shock yet," avowed Calcraft. "I must insist that you saved me from a horrible death. What may I call your name?"

"My name matters little," and the boy smiled dimly.

"I insist on knowing it, however."

"You may call me Torrand, Nick Torrand. If I have done you a good turn I am thankful, since I am not noted for doing such kindnesses."

"I fear you are only unkind to yourself, boy. Do you live far away?"

"Not so very far."

"We will go there—that is, if you will permit me. I wish to give some substantial token of my gratitude—"

"Gratitude!" exclaimed the boy, with a sharp gesture of impatience. "Please do not nauseate me. I am glad to have been able to do you a service, sir; let it rest at that."

Torrand turned as if to go, but the land-cruiser detained him with a clutch on his sleeve.

"You shall not give me the slip in this way," he cried.

The boy whirled angrily on his captor. "Really," he said, "you must not detain me."

"Leave that to me," quickly returned the man. "I am going home with you."

"You shall do nothing of the kind."

There was a flash of defiance in the eyes, a spirit of rebellion in every movement of the youthful forester. His small mouth worked as with some powerful emotion. Calcraft winced, yet did not relinquish his hold.

"You have nothing to fear, my boy—"

"Fear!" broke from the lips of the small captive. "Ah, sir, you do not know how much I have to dread—not from animals or snakes, ah no! but from the more cruel tiger, man! Please, sir, let me depart in peace." There was a tremulous pleading at the last that deeply touched Calcraft. The boy had saved his life; he was too deeply interested in him to permit him to depart into the unknown wilderness without an explanation.

"You have nothing to fear from me," again reassured the land-cruiser. "I cannot let you go without learning what your trouble is—you must tell me."

"There is no trouble; who said there was?"

"I am sure you intimated as much."

"I meant nothing of the kind."

"You have a secret—"

"No, no, let me go!"

Again the youth essayed to tear himself free. Calcraft still clung to the boy's arm, an expression of curiosity and sympathy blended on his fine face.

He could not resist the desire to learn more of his handsome young friend. Drawing the youth aside, he seated him upon a fallen tree, assuring him that he would aid him in any possible way, providing he would make a confidant of him.

"I trust I am not such a savage looking chap as to inspire fear," said our land-cruiser with a cheerful laugh. "I have about completed my work in this part of the woods and have enough leisure time on hand to look after other matters. Unlimber, Nick, and let us hear all about yourself."

The cheerful manner and pleasant speech of Calcraft had the effect to reassure the strange youth, who opened his heart after a manner, and told his new friend some things of an interesting character.

"I am up in the big woods on an exploring trip. I have no home—that is, not now. There has been trouble I admit, so I came away."

"I think I understand!" exclaimed Calcraft, "you have run away?"

The boy winced under the keen scrutiny of his companion. The dark brown eyes grew misty with nearby tears.

"Excuse me, sir, but I am a weakling when I think about myself," uttered the boy, whimpering. "To tell the truth, I was lost when I approached the water and saw you riding a log with the ease of an Indian. If I could ride a log like that now—"

"Can't you?"

"I should say not. I am a poor stick at anything."

"Except perhaps as a marksman. Your shot at the snake was most accurate."

"Was it?" and a queer, tremulous smile moved the full red lips.

"Buffalo Bill couldn't beat it."

"You flatter me, Mr.—"

"I beg your pardon, Calcraft is my name. I am a land-cruiser, living more than half my time in the woods, running lines for other people. I flatter myself that I have located land enough to enrich a dozen men."

"Is this wild land then of such tremendous value?"

"Not so much the land as the timber growing on it. Pine lands are as valuable as gold mines these days, Nicholas."

"Indeed! You interest me. No doubt you know a great many men who are engaged in the lumber industry?"

"Yes, I know the most of the big fellows."

"As for instance?"

"Darrah & Peters, Sanborn & Wirenga, George Sayles and others."

"All great lumber kings, no doubt—

"Yes, and there's Kranbourne, biggest of all, the truly king-pin of lumberdom, and, some say, the most unscrupulous of the lot."

"Ah! Giles Kranbourne! So you know him. And he is evil you say. Heavens! I wish I had never seen him, never met him and—but what am I saying?" with a quick gasp of confusion.

"Much that interests me, my boy," broke in the land-cruiser. "I see that you know Kranbourne. What is he to you, Mr. Torrand?"

The eyes of the speaker studied his companion's face keenly.

"Much—little. I do not care to discuss that man," came a quick, sharp rejoinder. The boy stood again upon his feet. Calcraft also arose.

"You said just now that you were lost; permit me to lead you out of the wilderness, my boy. I know of a house not far from here where we can find shelter and refreshment. You look tired, and I know I am. Keep close and you will be all right."

The land-cruiser moved off, followed closely by his boy friend. The latter seemed less embarrassed, following after his guide with a short, halting step denoting great bodily fatigue.

Calcraft glanced backward now and then to see that the boy did not give him the slip. To tell the truth, this man of the woods was more than ordinarily interested in his youthful companion and resolved not to lose sight of him for a single moment.

CHAPTER II.

IN PURSIUT.

Hugh Fraser sat smoking on his front steps, reading a newspaper, when two forms broke from the cover of the woods and approached. The settler laid aside his paper and regarded his approaching visitors keenly.

"By hokey, that's old Calcraft or I'm a liar!" ejaculated the settler, removing his pipe. He raised a hairy hand to shade his eyes. Hugh was an old raftsman, one who had long kept watch and ward along the banks of the Ripwater. His latchstring was always out, and he was even the friend of the husky logger and river-driver.

"Hello!" exclaimed Hugh as the twain approached.

"Hugh, I have brought a friend for whom I bespeak your best potluck," said the land-cruiser, as he halted and turned to indicate his companion.

The old woodsman sprang at once to his feet with hand outstretched.

"I'm glad as anything to meet ye, pard," greeted Fraser.

The youth, who stood in modest hesitancy, started and reddened, without taking the proffered hand. Fraser eyed the young fellow curiously and keenly.

"Reckon I've seen ye before?" chuckled the settler.

"No I think not," quickly uttered the boy. "I am a stranger in these parts."

"Mebbe you be, mebbe so, but—"

Nick Torrand turned and walked hastily aside, screening his face with his hat drawn suddenly low. Calcraft was puzzled. Fraser laughed and spat against the roots of a tree.

"So many fellers come and go," he said, "one hardly knows who he has seen. Now this chap do certainly remind me of somebody—"

"Never mind blarneying, Hugh," rudely broke in the land-cruiser, who noticed the embarrassment of the boy and wished to help him out. "What we want the worst way is something to fill our stomachs. Can you do the business? Nan's at home, isn't she?"

"You bet she is, and's frying some of the fish I caught this morning. Go right in and make yourselves to home."

The boy and man so strangely thrown together, entered the house, where the settler's good wife greeted them as cordially as her husband had done. She was engaged in preparing the afternoon meal and adjusted herself to the changed conditions of added guests without the least seeming embarrassment.

Now and then during the course of the meal the bluff settler cast furtive glances at his younger guest. Evidently he was not wholly convinced that he had never met the boy, Nick Torrand, before. As for that youth he only once caught the eye of Fraser, and then he turned aside his gaze, blushing furiously.

"What's in the paper?" asked Calcraft as he shoved back at the conclusion of the meal.

"Oh, lots," burst out the woman, turning a glowing glance upon the land-cruiser. "I'm much interested in that reward offered for the capture of the runaway girl."

"What's that? Don't think I noticed it?"

"It's a nice sum—ten thousand dollars you know."

"Ten thousand dollars for a stolen child? You don't tell me! These kidnapers are becoming bolder every year. Something ought to be done to put a stop to this child-stealing business."

"So it ought," agreed Hugh, who had been listening. "But, you see, this isn't a case of that sort, you know."

"Not a child-stealing case, eh?"

"Sure not," agreed the wife. "It's the case of a grown up girl; and she may not be stolen at all."

"You interest me," said Calcraft.

"If we could only clinch that reward, Hugh!" and the wife eyed her stalwart spouse with glittering eyes.

"Yes, if we only could," and honest Hugh Fraser sighed.

"It's a heap o' money."

"With it we could travel and see the world, Nan. Wouldn't that be grand? You should have as many silk gowns as you could wear out in a lifetime. There'd be no end of the good times we would have with a millionaire's money. But

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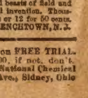

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TO LEDGER READERS.

The readers of the Ledger will no doubt notice at once that the size of the pages has been changed, and that the paper is somewhat altered typographically. This is the result of printing the magazine on its new press.

The Ledger in the past few years has increased its popularity twofold and it has become the story paper for everybody. This is all because the publishers have steadily held to the plan of giving the Ledger's readers the best stories by the greatest writers, and the finest illustration and comic work. As the paper progressed their ideal progressed until they felt that to reach that ideal they must have more space. It was then they ordered the new press built at a cost of $50,000.00, and from now on the Ledger will be 24 or 28 or 32 pages instead of 16 or 20, as before. Each page will be a trifle smaller than formerly, but the reading matter will be greatly increased, for on this new press we can print smaller margins at the edge of the page. Thus you will be getting 4 to 8 pages more of reading matter and no change in price.

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(Continued from page nine.)

what blooming nonsense to talk of any such luck."

"And yet, why not us as well as anybody? Kranbourne is rich as a Jew and could—"

"Kranbourne?" queried Calcraft in sudden interest.

"Sure," said Mrs. Fraser. "It's Kranbourne who's offered the reward."

"For a runaway daughter?"

"Yes, Surelia. I have heard of her often; a great beauty and catch as the papers put it."

"Lord, Nan, but you're way off," interjected her spouse. "I have jest been reading all about it; 'tain't Surelia but Imelda that's run away."

"And who's Imelda, Hugh? I thought old Kranbourne had but one daughter."

"Well, and that's all he has got; there's Miss Imelda though, his ward; an old maid, I expect. She's the one that's skedaddled from the millionaire's roof—or from under it rather."

"And the rich old chap wants her back bad enough to pay a round sum to get her again. Should think he'd be glad to be rid of her," and Nan Fraser laughed till every tooth in her head was visible.

"And yet an old maid might be valuable," declared Calcraft.

"And it is barely possible she may not be an old maid," suggested Torrand. The eyes of all turned instantly upon the speaker, who was smiling visibly.

The youth had moved back and seemed intent on studying one of the logs in the side of the house. What a handsome fellow he was! Calcraft had scarcely taken time to notice this till now. The delicate refinement of the face was indeed striking.

"Your suggestion is well timed," agreed the land-cruiser. "I have visited at the house of Kranbourne; in fact, have met the daughter on several occasions, but never heard of a ward. A new addition perhaps."

"I don't think so."

The boy was again speaking.

"Ah, perhaps you know something of the Kranbournes?" and Calcraft regarded his latest acquaintance curiously.

"Nothing of moment," vouchsafed Torrand. The boy then got up, and without apology, walked from the room. Strange fellow, thought the land-cruiser.

"What a queer acting cove," said Fraser.

"He's as pretty as a girl," declared the woman.

While the three sat at the table sound of wheels fretted the air outside. Both men sprang up as a light vehicle drew up at the door. A heavy hand was soon demanding admittance.

"What the dickens is the row?" demanded the boss of the house as he opened wide the door. "Ah, it's you, Hadley! After more hoss-thieves, I'll be bound!" At the same time the raftsman's gaze went past the man on the step to another on the seat of a mud-splattered buckboard.

"No thieves this time, Fraser," and the man grinned. "We heard that you were harboring a runaway."

"I don't know what you mean."

"We are out after a girl who disappeared from the home of Giles Kranbourne three days ago. We traced her to the river crossing, north of here, this morning and have been for hours beating up the woods and settlements. We thought she might have come this way. She has money and must get out of the woods to eat you know."

"Like enough, but she hasn't been here."

"No girl been here?"

"No, sir."

The officer turned and spoke to his companion. Calcraft, who had been listening, had a sudden inspiration. A smile touched his smooth face as he walked forward and inspected the outfit. Two men, evidently public officials, hunting a strayed or stolen girl.

The moment his eyes fell upon the other man an ejaculation dropped from the lips of our land-cruiser. Without waiting upon ceremony the young man brushed past his host and faced the occupant of the buckboard.

"Legrand Troth, you here?"

There was a note of surprise in the speaker's voice as he faced the exquisitely garbed young man of the buckboard.

"I am here," admitted the other. "What is there surprising in that?"

"Very much, I take it,'" and a peculiar smile crossed the face of the land-cruiser. "The last time I saw you was at the windup of the big drive last spring. I judged from some expressions you let fall at that time you would never again return to the woods."

"Wise men change their minds, fools never," said Troth.

"More truth than poetry in that all right enough," admitted Calcraft, who had taken a violent dislike to the young man from town. The men of the pines, stalwart log-drivers, raftsmen, shingle-weavers and the like, had made a butt of the officious youth from Detroit, who was the son of an extensive lumberman, and very much gone on himself.

There was one thing that had set our land-cruiser very much against Mr. Legrand Troth. The city exquisite had made open love to the rich timberman's daughter, Surelia Kranbourne, who was an especial favorite of Calcraft's.

It was not likely, however, that he, Calcraft, would win favor in the eyes of the millionaire's daughter, he being regarded by people in general as not in the same class financially with the Kranbournes.

"I came out with Officer Hadley to look for Miss Imelda Arden, who is strangely missing from her home—stolen or murdered, I fear," explained the Detroiter, lighting a cigarette, puffing daintily. "I have to look after my landed interests as well."

"Your landed interests?"

The land-cruiser lifted his brows with a half sneer.

"Sure. The Governor passed over three months ago. I am his sole heir and have much to look after these days. Surelia is very much broken up over the disappearance of her friend, that's why I have undertaken to unravel the mystery of her going away." The speaker expanded his lungs with becoming gravity, spiraling the air with blue rings of smoke. He was tall and slender, with a pale green eye and weak chin. Just a faint touch of down showed on his pale girlish cheeks. Rather a miserable specimen, Calcraft thought, to uphold the dignity of the house of Troth, one of the oldest in the City of the Straits.

The land-cruiser was turning away in disgust when the boy Torrand appeared from a corner of the house. He came to a sudden halt, facing the occupant of the buckboard with dilating eyes.

The two faced each other, each plainly surprised.

"Legrand Troth!" exclaimed the boy, recoiling.

"That's me all right, Miss Arden!"

CHAPTER III.

YOU KNOW ALL?

Instantly all eyes were turned on the slim Torrand.

The boy recoiled and dropped a shamed face, blushing furiously. Calcraft frowned and clinched his hands. Was his newly awakened suspicion to be verified? The words of Troth, coming from another, might not have ground so deeply. Before he could offer anything, the Detroiter jumped to the ground and moved toward the now shrinking youth.

"Stand back," commanded Calcraft, placing himself between the two.

"Miss Arden knows me," blustered Troth. "She'll come along without any trouble if you keep your clam shut."

"Is it the girl we have been looking for?" queried the astonished Hadley, who was staring at the handsome boy in amazed wonder.

"No. Stand off, I tell you!" and Calcraft pushed Troth backward with such force as to send him sprawling.

And then the subject of all this ado raised his head, flashing an angry look at the officer from a pair of handsome brown eyes.

"I am Nick Torrand," said he, with a jaunty toss of his curly head. "This very smart Alec has made a bad break, and don't know what he is talking about."

"You are Imelda Arden," affirmed the Detroiter, half angrily, wholly confident of himself. "That chin dimple, those eyes, who could mistake them? If Miss Arden is ashamed of her masquerading and wishes to run home all by herself, well and good, only she must go home."

"The man is crazy."

"Sane enough where Kranbourne's ward is concerned," interjected Troth who was now on his feet, regarding the handsome boy with a sickly grin. "If you wish to win that ten thousand dollars, officer, now is your chance."

Hadley advanced, gliding around Calcraft with happy celerity.

"Keep quiet, Calcraft, it's up to the lad now. The girl has foolishly placed herself outside the pale of respectability, and you can do nothing."

"Stand back, or I'll fire!"

"Sho, now, child, put up that plaything," ordered the officer with assumed merriment.

"Another step and I fire!"

There was no disguising the fact that Officer Hadley felt chilled by the look of that derringer. There was a determined eye behind it. Calcraft knew how deadly was the aim of the boy and actually trembled for the safety of the upholder of the law.

"Miss Arden, why so foolish?" began Troth, only to be interrupted by the land-cruiser, who laid hold of the man's arm and hurled him aside.

"This young man has said he knows nothing of the lady in question, let that suffice. Officer, you will do well to seek your quarry elsewhere."

The officer retreated crestfallen.

"Mr. Troth says—"

"No matter what Mr. Troth says," broke in the land-cruiser sharply. This boy has told you who he is, which should be sufficient. You and your pal can go about your business and cease persecuting this friend of mine."

Officer Hadley retreated abashed.

"There may be a mistake of course," he conceded.

"Then please to withdraw."

"A friend of yours, eh?" growled Troth. "I don't doubt that a mite, not a mite. You have abducted the girl, that's plain. Place this fellow under arrest, Jim."

The officer hesitated.

"Arrest him, Jim," again ordered the Detroiter. "He has abducted Kranbourne's ward; he has doubtless ruined her—"

The speaker got no further. A pair of knuckles, planted between the Detroiter's eyes, sent him to grass, where he lay bleeding and unconsciuos. Torrand grew deathly pale at sight of blood.

"Mercy!" he exclaimed, "I hope you have not killed him!"

"He'll be all right in a few minutes," said the land-cruiser. Fraser, who had been a silent witness to all that was passing, now ran out with a dipper of water and dashed into the fallen man's face.

Torrand grew deathly white and seemed about to faint. Calcraft took him by the arm and led the youth to the rear of the dwelling. The stalwart land-cruiser was more than half convinced that Troth had told the truth about the youngster's identity. There was certainly an air of mystery about it all that puzzled him. Troth, nor yet Hadley, were the proper persons to unravel the puzzle.

"Don't be alarmed, my boy," said he soothingly. "Those men shan't have you unless you have committed a crime, which I do not believe."

"Oh, thank you, sir. I have done no wrong, be sure of that."

"Yes, I am satisfied of that," returned the land-cruiser. "You may trust me with your life if need me, my gir—er boy."

Torrand had returned his pistol to his pocket. He had done this in the presence of Calcraft, and in such an awkward manner as to confirm his suspicions that the man from Detroit had spoken the truth. This pretended boy was a girl in masquerade. Why was this? It required an effort on his part to curb his curiosity till a more opportune time.

"You must not believe the slanders of that man, Mr. Calcraft."

"Oh, I'm not subscribing to them for a minute, don't you ever think that," reassured the big land-cruiser blandly. "Why I wouldn't believe that fellow Troth on oath; he's a degenerate son of a very respectable father."

"You know him then?"

"Better than I wish I did."

The boy was thoughtful for some time.

A rattle of wheels announced the departure of the landowner and deputy. A moment later Fraser appeared before his guests.

"Gone have they?" asked Calcraft.

"Yes, they dug out as soon as the young popinjay was able to sit up. My! but you gave him a bad tunk, one that he isn't likely to forget very soon."

"Wasn't feeling good when he drove off, eh?" chuckled the land-cruiser.

"That's the fact. Where did you learn a punch like that, Rand?"

"Oh, that's nothing," laughed the young man. "You ought to see me when I get my war paint on."

"I hope you won't get it on very soon if that thump you gave Legrand was a small specimen."

"But a very small specimen, I assure you. The fellow was not only impudent but insulting. He thought he was smart you know. The idea that he and Big Jim should pick upon a boy—"

"Or a girl—which?" and the gaze of the raftsman shot furtively at the lad standing near.

"Nonsense?" laughed the land-cruiser. "Troth was insulting all right if—" the man hestitated, still eyeing Torrand, who turned and walked away toward the woods.

"You see how it is, Hugh," scowlingly uttered Calcraft; "the poor chap has enough to bear without being suspected of being a criminal."

"How long have you known the chap, Rand?"

"A long time."

"Then you know, of course, what foundation Legrand had for his accusation?"

"Sure; he had none whatever."

"And yet he seemed to recognize the young person at a glance."

"All pretension. I want to ask a favor, Hugh."

"Of course it is granted, you know that, old man."

"Thanks. How far is it to Rockville?"

"Twelve miles as the crow flies, fifteen by wagon road. Do you think of going to that burg?"

"I have business there and would charter a conveyance—"

"I had thought of going there tomorrow and will drive you over."

"Thanks, but it must be today—now."

"Why this hurry?"

"It is not hurry but business," returned the land-cruiser thoughtfully. "My friend and I would get to Rockville at the earliest possible moment. You will take us, Hugh?"

"Sure."

The raftsman hastened away to get out his rig while Calcraft sought his boy friend once more. The youth seemed shy and uneasy, avoiding the direct gaze of the man whose life he had saved.

Hugh Fraser drove around soon with a light wagon to which was attached a span of gray ponies.

The ride to Rockville was an uneventful one. Calcraft really had business there, although he had not thought of attending to it till some time later, till the exigencies of the situation seemed to demand it.

He was deeply interested in the youth who had saved him from the blacksnake, and became satisfied that the boy had a secret which he had decided to solve. His duties, usually onerous, were not pressing at the present time, for which he was thankful.

The raftsman left his friends at a small tavern in the village, starting immediately on his return. Before going, however, he drew the land-cruiser aside and proceeded to caution him with regard to his boy friend.

"Don't trust the chap too far, old man. You may have known him a good while, but all the same, he'll bear watching."

Calcraft did not resent the man's warning, considering it well meant.

"I'll look out," and Calcraft laughed.

Night found the two friends domiciled in two upper rooms of the little village tavern. Torrand continued to avoid his kind companion. Calcraft ordered the boy's supper sent to his room. The two dined together, the land-cruiser determined to keep close tab on the strange boy.

That evening Calcraft surprised Torrand by entering his room unannounced. There was no light in the room and the woodsman was startled at the low sound of sobbing—distinctly a woman's cry!

It was true then, all that Legrand Troth had said about the strange youth! A young girl masquerading, and for what?

The man stood quietly in the doorway. A bowed little figure was crouched near the window, the drooped shoulders heaving in response to the surge of emotions below. A girl sure enough!

The stalwart land-cruiser was never fully at his ease in the presence of the weaker sex. He had shied even at Surelia Kranbourne, and she had grown up from childhood in his company.

"I—I am a great sinner!"

The poor waif of circumstance was uttering words of abject self pity. Calcraft drew near with a soft touch on the trembling shoulder.

"Don't cry, Miss Arden," said he. "I am your friend."

"Oh! oh!" and the kneeling form started up with a great, startled cry. "Oh, what did I say? You know all—"

"I know your secret, Miss Arden, and will protect you with my life!"

He threw his arm about her waist and drew the fluttering curls against his breast, toying with her moist cheek with the tenderness of a lover.

CHAPTER IV.

A CRUSHING SURPRISE.

"Oh, sir, believe me when I tell you that I am guilty of no wrong!"

"I certainly believe you, Miss Arden."

These two were on the completest terms of friendship now. The girl no longer sought to conceal her identity. She admitted she had fled from an undesirable home, and that she was deeply troubled to know where to find refuge.

"It must have been a most terrible persecution that caused you to take such a step, Miss Arden."

"I was persecuted by that man till I knew not which way to turn."

"That man Troth?"

"Yes. You see, he wanted me to marry him."

"And your guardian permitted the scoundrel to annoy you? That seems incredible."

"I think Guardy is somehow in the power of Legrand Troth. Anyhow, rather than suffer them to have their way I conceived the idea of running away. I found a suit of boy's clothes and got away three nights ago."

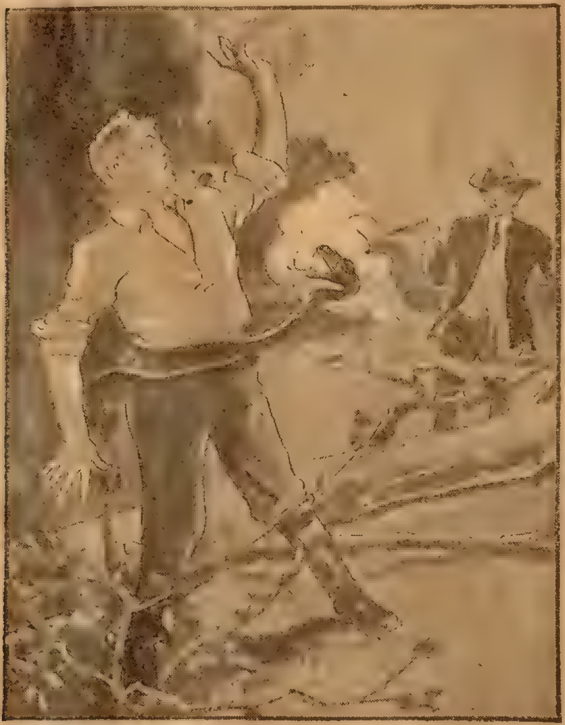
"With no idea as to where you would go?"

"Yes, I had some idea. I thought of going back to the protection of a girl friend of my boarding school days in Oberlin, Ohio."

"But how came you to wander into the woods?"

"No wonder you are puzzled."

The girl sat now in a low chair near the window while Calcraft stood leaning in careless attitude against the jamb of the door. The light from a single small lamp lit the room. In the gray orbs of the man there lurked a half quizzical gleam. He was studying the face of his pretty vis-a-vis with ill concealed admiration. Plainly he believed she was not wholly frank with him. The girl's brown eyes did not meet his gaze quite frankly. She seemed confused and in a state of mind bordering on hysteria.



A pistol shot rang out.

"You have not explained fully," said he at length. "It was certainly lucky for me that you swerved from your course and went into the big woods, else I might long ere this have been food for fishes. I am certainly interested in your story, and should like to hear the rest—for instance, why was it necessary for you to adopt male attire?"

"Perhaps it was not necessary."

"And yet you thought it was?"

"I thought I could the more easily escape."

"From which man—Troth or Kranbourne?"

"Both."

"And you consider both unfriendly?"

"I do, most surely."

"There must be a reason for all this."

"I suppose so."

She dropped her eyes and gazed into the outer darkness. A soft flush mantled her cheek, and she seemed stirred by some inward emotion.

"Am I not entitled to your confidence?"

She sat silent, seeming to struggle with her feelings. That she had not made a full confidant of him he was well assured. He hesitated about questioning her further, trusting to her innate sense of the proprieties, and believing that he should soon be placed in full possession of all the facts.

"What are your plans?" he finally asked.

"I have none."

"This is surprising," he vouchsafed. "Had you not met me, then what?" I think perhaps it best for you to proceed as you would have done in that case."

"You are becoming tired of my company?"

There was a pathetic ring in her low tones that touched him. He at once stepped to her side, laid a hand on her arm and said very impressively:

"I am enlisted for the war, Miss Arden. You have interested me in a manner that binds me to your cause through everything; nothing shall swerve me from your side till you emerge in safety from the dangers which surround you. Are you now satisfied with my good intentions? Will you confide wholly in me?"

Her small, shapely head drooped till the white forehead touched the dark pane of the window. She sat debating, speechless, still hesitating.

"Would you rather have me withdraw entirely from your company?" he suddenly questioned, drawing away from her side. Instantly her head was raised, her bright eyes misty with unshed tears. She put out both hands crying:

"No, no, don't leave me! I am all at sea, and know not which way to turn. The shame of my masquerade has sealed my lips; truly I meant to cast it off the moment it would be safe to do so. I can see how you much despise me. Oh, sir, the shame of it is not all mine. I meant no harm, as Heaven hears me, I speak the truth. You shall, you must believe me!"

"Why, of course I believe you, child. As for this bit of masquerading, that can be immediately remedied."

"Remedied—how?"

"By casting it aside at once."

"But not yet; it will not be safe." She huddled against the window and trembled as from some unseen danger. He, strong and masterful, reassured her with a few well chosen words. Then he lifted her to her feet, saying: "Come, we will go out right now and get a change of raiment."

"Do you mean this? I fear—"

"There is nothing to fear if you will only trust me, dear child. Your masculine garb did not deceive the man you fear most. As a lady under my protection you will be perfectly safe; I shall take pleasure in acting as your escort to whatever point you shall designate. Madame Sawyer's dressmaking rooms will afford a place for you to make a change."

"I will defer to you if you think it best," she said softly.

And thus it was that the girl went forth to find suitable cloth[illegible] might appear in proper garb [illegible] world.

"Now," said the young man when Miss Arden came forth radiant in a pretty gown, "we will find a place for you more fitting to your sex. I have [illegible] living in the village who will be very well pleased to entertain you, if I ask her to. Both she and her husband are very friendly to me. I put him onto a snap in the timber line that made him a neat sum, since which time he swears by his wife's cousin. You will go there?"

"I suppose I must," with her pretty face turned aside to have her blushes. "Everything seems so strange. To think I did not know you twenty hours ago, while now we seem like old friends."

"And we shall be friends," he assured her, smiling.

The adventures of the day and evening were very interesting to our youthful land-cruiser. The maid evolved from Nick Torrand proved a most interesting young woman; Rand Calcraft fairly radiated happiness because of the romatic metamorphosis.

Miss Arden was only too glad to get away from the tavern, a place likely to be the first visited by those who might seek to find her.

Our young friend had found out very little that he wanted to know about Miss Arden. What she had told him was rather intangible. She had become disgusted with the attentions of a city lover, and had fled from home in the disguise of a boy. Ordinarily such conduct would have been thought reprehensible to a degree, yet Calcraft found himself condoning the girl's masquerading, and laying himself out to aid her in every way possible.

Miss Arden was no ordinary girl. This was the young man's decision from the time he met her in the great white pine woods.

Another face had haunted him before his meeting with this runaway maid, the face of a millionaire's daughter Surelia. The latter was a beauty and a blonde; Imelda Arden was of that rare type typifying the best qualities of the two, and Calcraft was at once charmed and deeply interested.

The land-cruiser went back to the tavern soon after leaving his pretty charge in the good company of his fair relative.

The young man was resolved that the girl thrown so strangely into his keeping should not be molested without first answering to him.

Calcraft sat down in the low-ceiled office, lit a cigar and was smoking and re-

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flecting when, chancing to glance over the top of the paper, he was reading, he saw a man turning the pages of the register, no less person than Hadley, the deputy sheriff, who had been in company with Legrand Troth at the house of the [illegible], Hugh Fraser.

So, thought the young woodsman, the officer who had seemed to give over his chase after Imelda, had by no means given over the pursuit. The liberal reward offered by Kranbourne was a sufficient stimulus to induce a protracted search by every officer in the north country.

It would indeed be a miracle if the girl escaped.

Hadley turned from contemplating the tavern register and approached Calcraft. He drew a chair beside the young man and said:

"What became of that girl, Rand?"

"Girl?"

Calcraft evinced his surprise by dropping his paper.

"Sure; the masquerading young woman you were so gallantly chaperoning this noon," and a semi-grin overspread the speaker's face.

"I don't comprehend what you are driving at, old man. There was no lady in the case that I am aware of."

"Oh, come now, don't pretend ignorance," chortled Hadley. "You know what Troth said about the girl—"

"Troth is a blamed idiot!" sneered Calcraft, not relishing this sort of talk. He wondered how far away the Detroit man was at this moment.

"You're not denying that boy was a girl!" said the officer, with a disagreeable leer. "It won't do a mite of good if you do—see?"

Calcraft could have punched the man's face with relish. This official was in league with the scoundrel Troth to persecute a helpless young girl, an heiress no doubt, whose fortune was tempting both the girl's guardian and this rich young Detroiter to secure the same by forcing her into a distasteful marriage. All the chivalry in the young fellow's nature was roused in her defense.

"I will thank you to keep your nose out of my affairs, Mr. Hadley," retorted the land-cruiser, not trying to conceal his disgus[illegible]

"[illegible]"

T[illegible]sed his head with a scornful laugh. "How long since have you made it your business to aid a criminal in her flight [illegible] justice?"

"Have a care how you speak of a friendless girl!" warned Calcraft clinching his hands angrily.

"Oh, as for that, the girl seems not entirely friendless while Mr. Calcraft is [illegible]! You are treading very close to [illegible] ground when you espouse the cause of purloiner of cash and bonds to the amount of a cool half million!"

"Sir!" ejaculated the astounded Calcraft, "what do you mean? Not that—"

"I mean that Imelda Arden has robbed her guardian of that amount in money and bonds!" quickly retorted the deputy sheriff.

CHAPTER V.

A YOUNG KNIGHT ERRANT.

"You are a scoundrel, sir!"

Rand Calcraft was on his feet now, raging like an angry tiger.

The sheriff's officer flushed visibly, yet retained his head. He addressed the other with surprising calmness considering the provocation. Said he:

"I can understand the heat of young blood. You have made, however, poor investment of your common sense when you plunge headlong into a defense of one who is a fugitive from justice, with a price upon her head. You must admit that a man like Kranbourne would never sacrifice ten thousand dollars under ordinary circumstances. I am simply doing my duty as an officer of the law when I state facts to you and seek your assistance."

The coolness of the officer served to disarm Calcraft of a part of his wrath. What he knew of the runaway was her own account of her masquerading. There was absoutely no proof that Miss Arden was not what this official depicted. He doubtless had no ulterior motive in the matter.

"I should be willing to divvy if you aid me in her capture," again spoke Hadley. "You doubtless know of her whereabouts."

"If I did I should not give her away," resentfully retorted the land-cruiser.

"Let me warn you to be careful—"

"[illegible]! I won't discuss this lady with you," flouted the younger man, savagely. He had been touched in a tender spot and was not to be easily conciliated; nor was the officer in argumentative mood. He turned on his heel, saying curtly:

"You will do as you like, of course."

Rand made no attempt to call him back, or to question him further. His feelings were harshly wrought upon; he was in a mental turmoil that boded ill for his present peace of mind.

There could be no denying that Calcraft was very much undecided as to the course he ought to pursue. He was deeply indebted to this girl of masquerading proclivities. She had in a measure thrown herself upon his protection. Whatever her shortcomings he felt in duty bound to stand her friend till there was decided evidence that she was unworthy.

Tossing aside his paper, chewing his cigar savagely, the land-cruiser paced about in an agony of indecision. He saw the officer go out and followed to the door. Outside Hadley was joined by a second party who, Rand soon decided, was no less a person than Legrand Troth. It seemed that these two men had not resigned themselves to defeat because of his, Calcraft's action earlier in the day.

"The villain still pursues her," mentally commented Rand.

He shadowed the two men to another public house. They were evidently looking for a boy instead of Miss Arden in proper garb, a fact that justified the wisdom of the girl's return to her maiden attire.

"They won't find you right away, Imelda," muttered the young border knight errant with a grim smile. "We set them off the trail when you dropped those boy's togs for more becoming garments. We shall see what this all amounts to before long. It may be all wind and water, with no foundation in fact. One thing sure, I'm not going back on my charming Imelda till I know she is not the innocent, persecuted damsel she professes to be."

A brave resolution truly, Quixotic perhaps, yet utterly in keeping with the chivalric nature of Rand Calcraft.

As a boy he had been a dreamer, a lover of fair play, and a defender of girls in trouble. He thrashed the village bully for simply sneering at Surelia's "red hair." The latter afterward rewarded her boy knight by presenting him with a full-blown red rose from her mother's garden, a token he carefully hoarded and still kept among the most precious treasures of his bachelor quarters.

The Calcrafts had been a family of rolling stones, and had once gone pioneering in the far West only to meet with a mishap that saddened their after lives and sent them back East, where the mother sickened and died from her troubles. Of this, however, more anon.

Rand Calcraft made it a point to shadow the deputy and his millionaire companion. The two men were returning from an hour's look about town when they ran full upon Rand near a dark corner.

"Hello, you!"

It was Troth who roared this in an angry voice. The next moment a revolver flashed in the face of the land-cruiser.

Hadley struck up the hand as the weapon exploded. The bullet burned the cheek of Rand in its passage.

"You crazy fool!" angrily interposed the officer.

"I owe him one—"

"Which I return with my compliments," broke forth Calcraft, landing a heavy jolt on the fellow's jaw. Troth dropped as signally as he had once before, and under the same fist. "Now, if you want any trouble, come on, Mr. Hadley." The speaker was squared away to meet further emergency.

"You are insolent to one who has just saved your life," jeered the officer.

"Oh, as for that, I don't know. You train in this man's company and are answerable in a way for his idiotic actions. If you are on to your job you will take him to the lockup. I'll call round in the morning and enter complaint."

"Complaint for what?"

"For assault with intent to commit murder."

"I trust you will not insist on this?"

"Not if you will look after your crazy friend in the future and see that he makes no more bad breaks."

By this time Troth had struggled to his feet, full of envenomed fury.

It was with difficulty that Hadley restrained him from further foolishness with his revolver. The officer disarmed Troth before he could be restored to a condition of sanity.

Rand, utterly cool, stood with his back against a wall calmly awaiting further developments. He could easily understand the rage of a man balked of his desires in a case of this kind, where a beautiful girl as well as a fortune was at stake.

"Why don't you arrest him, officer?" demanded Troth, after he had cooled somewhat.

"I have been reminded that I ought to arrest you instead," said Hadley, having some sense of humor. "Frankly, Legrand, you have made several kinds of an idiot of yourself."

"I shall not stop here to be insulted," snarled the Detroiter.

When the irate young millionaire would have turned away it was Calcraft who detained him with a touch on the shoulder.

"See here, Troth, aren't you making a holy show of yourself? I am ready to meet you on even ground, any time, anywhere, but I wish you to distinctly understand that I shall not lay down to you in any particular. If we are to be enemies let us fight fair; no striking below the belt you know."

"You did that, you know you did, Calcraft."

"Your belt must be above your mouth then," jeered the land-cruiser.

"You haven't the instincts of a gentleman."

"What, then, do you call yourself?"

"Gentlemen, this is leading to nothing of moment," interjected the deputy sheriff. "I have no time to bandy words. You well understand the situation, Mr. Calcraft. We are seeking the runaway ward of Giles Kranbourne, who has also, as I informed you at the tavern, to answer to the charge of robbery."

"Do you believe a young girl equal to a crime like that?" asked Rand.

"She seems to have been quite so."

"I simply do not believe it."

"You are welcome to your beliefs, only so they do not conflict with the law in the case, Mr. Calcraft."

"I should hope they do not. In any event this young woman must be treated fairly."

"What reason have you to think she will be unfairly treated?" demanded the county official, plainly irritated at the words of the other.

"Weighty reasons, sir."

"Name one."

"There are several, one being personified in this man who accompanies you."

"More insults," sneered Troth.

"I am waiting for you to specify," said Hadley ignoring his companion.

"Plainly, this poor girl's guardian has a base motive in pursuing her so relentlessly."

"I shall not discuss motives with you," retorted the officer. "If you know where the girl is, I command you to give her up at once."

"I am not an officer, neither am I this girl's keeper."

"You do know where she is then?"

"I have not said that."

"No, you are evasive; you are tempting fate when you take the part of a female criminal—"

"Why do you swap talk with this wretch?" demanded Troth, his visage distorted with rage. "He defies you and the law as if he were an emperor. He is a partner of Miss Arden's guilt and should be at once arrested."

All this talk was leading up to nothing in particular. Rand was disgusted. He turned short on his heel and moved off.

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If he expected to be halted he was happily disappointed. The two men moved away without further comment. They had not given up the notion that the land-cruiser would bear watching, however.

"It would do no good to arrest the fellow," said Officer Hadley in response to the repeated urging of his angry companion.

"But don't you know he is hand and glove with this girl. Both ought to be behind prison bars."

"And all the time I imagined you wished to save her from such humiliation?"

"Did I say that?"

"You certainly did."

"Well, you see, I wanted to save her for myself to marry her, you know?"

"That was my understanding of the case."

"Well, now I feel different. The girl has proved a shameless thing and I want her punished to the extent of the law. I'll make old Kran wish he'd never been born before I am done with him."

"Evidently you don't like the lumberman."

"I have good reason not to like him. He is indebted to our firm to the tune of half a million."

"Exactly."

"Well, what does he do but let a chit of a girl steal him blind. He ought to have been more careful of his funds it seems to me. I won't settle with him on the terms I once offered, not by a long shot."

"Those terms were—"

"The hand of his ward, Miss Arden."

"And your love for her has cooled?"

"How could it be otherwise under the circumstances?"

"Perhaps it couldn't."

"One doesn't want a criminal for a wife, you know."

The two men were soon back at the tavern without having discovered anything of importance.

"We will keep an eye on this land-cruiser," said Hadley. "I have no doubt he knows of this girl's whereabouts. When we catch him in the act of aiding her we will land them both in prison."

Calcraft came back late to the tavern. He knew he was being watched and governed himself accordingly.

Early the following morning he repaired to the home of his cousin. He had seen Officer Hadley and Troth drive out of town and believed it fully safe to call on his girl friend.

His cousin, Mrs. Trenton, met him with a smile. "She isn't up yet," was her reply to an inquiry made after her fair guest.

"Poor little girl!" uttered the sympathetic land-cruiser. "She is, of course, completely tired out after her three days roughing it. I do not wonder at it in the least."

Rand remained for an hour talking with Mrs. Trenton.

"I will call the girl," cried she at length. "She is surely rested by now."

Five minutes later the woman returned, bearing a folded paper and a handkerchief in her hand.

"The girl has gone!" said Mrs. Trenton, excitedly.

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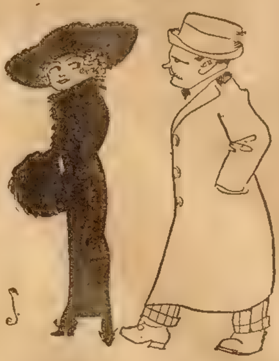
* * *

Point of View.



Mabel—Who was the best man at the wedding?

Jim—I dunno. They didn't fight

* * *

Old Habits.

"I understand you hired a magazine man to run your newspaper."

"I did."

"How is he getting along?"

"He has quit. He couldn't wait until Christmas to issue the Christmas number."

DIGGING OUT A BRIDE.

There was a good foot or more of snow on the ground, and in the meadow stretching back from the Thornton manor house to the hills it lay as white as the whitest wool, and not even a rabbit had left a track thereon.

It was a mild midwinter day, and the snow had grown soft under the combined influence of a southerly wind and a warm sun.

It might have occurred to a stout boy to wade across that meadow and toil up those hills to find a place to slide down on his sled; but it would hardly be expected of Miss Carrie Thornton to do it. It meant wet feet and fatigue.

She looked from a rear window of the house and made up her mind to try it. As her father was away in the city on business, her mother lying down with neuralgia and the cook busy with her duties, there was no one to protest.

That's what a manor house is for—to have a lot of snow around it in winter, indead of its being carted away with the ashes and garbage to the dumps. That's what snow is for—for young girls who are tired of books of romance and caramels to get out and wade in. If nature didn't make hills to slide down in winter what other object could she possibly have had?

Miss Carrie was doing just the right thing when she started out with her little sister's handsled and went into the snow up to her knees the very first thing.

Two miles away, at the Victor manor house, Hugh Victor looked out on that same snow. There were no hills to look at and there wasn't a sled around the house, but what a grand snow for tracking the beast to his lair! The beast might be fox, coon or hare, but he would have to leave a trail as he wandered.

As the young man was on a visit to his aunt, no one thought of protesting. Therefore, with gun on shoulder and the lust of slaughter in his heart, he went ambling across the snowy waste.

Scientists will say that there is a something about winter and snow that draws two travelers insensibly together. One may be toting a gun and the other dragging a sled—one may be a young man and the other a young woman—but the rule holds good. Both travelers had started for the same hills.

Both were drawing nearer and nearer each other as they splashed along. When half a mile apart they saw each other, but the sun shining on snow produces a sort of blindness.

"I wonder what that old codger is doing around here with an ax on his shoulder," said Miss Carrie to herself as she stopped to look.

"Is that some poor old woman going to the hills for fuel to keep from freezing?" asked young Mr. Victor of himself as he also stopped to look.

And then he turned his attention to tracks in the snow, and the girl pressed on to the hills.

Presently the hunter struck the trail of an animal making for a rocky knoll. Presently Miss Carrie had reached the foot of the ridge and was looking for the best place for a slide. She hadn't taken a second look at the old man with an ax on his shoulder, and the young man following the ferocious trail of a rabbit hadn't given a second thought to the poor old woman.

Then things happened all of a sudden! There was the scream of a girl—a rush of snow—a cloud-like steam rising in the air, and then muffled cries for help.

Mr. Victor rushed forward. The movement of the sled had started a snowslide. It wasn't such a large and liberal slide as they have in the Western mountains, but one started by fate to bury a girl under about six feet.

She had gone down on the crest of it without being injured, and given an hour to herself she might have dug her way out, but she knew that an old man was near, and as soon as she could get her mouth open she began to call for help. She could both hear and feel some one tramping around, and she called out:

"This way! Here I am! Don't try to chop me out with an ax!"

"Can you hear me speak?" was shouted at her.

"Yes, I can, but don't waste time in yelling!"

"But what shall I do?"

"Why, dig me out. You don't suppose I want to leave my bones here, do you?"

"Sha'n't I go after men with shovels? I never have had any experience digging old women out of the snow."

"What old woman are you talking about?" demanded a voice from almost under the man's feet.

"Why, I thought—thought—"

"If you haven't any brains in your head go and find some one who has! I can breathe all right, but this wet snow holds me like a vise, and the sled is digging into my side."

"Got the voice of a girl, but slams at me like an old woman," said the young man as he laid his gun aside and began to use his hands as scoops.

In five minutes he could see an old felt hat, and he ceased his work to ask:

"Are you such a poor old woman that you must gather your own fuel?"

"Dig away!" was the answer. "Time enough to talk after I'm dug out."

Under the old hat there were the chestnut curls of a girl. Then came a well-shaped head, a pair of hazel eyes and a handsome face.

Young Victor fell back blinking. The hazel eyes looked straight into his black ones, and a voice asked:

"Well, won't you help free my arms? Get hold of the sled if you can."

"But I—I beg your pardon. I saw an old woman—"

"No, you didn't. You saw me. I thought I saw an old man; but it was you. That's it—dig away. Now give the sled a pull and don't step on my head in doing it."

"It was so curious, you know," he murmured.

"Nothing curious about it. The snow was ready to slide, and I brought it down with me. Now, then, you can resume your hunting. Much obliged for your trouble."

"But you are not fully out yet," he protested.

"I can do the rest. I haven't broken any bones, and I can do the crawling act after you have gone. If you happen to fall down before you get home I'll come and dig you out!"

Mr. Victor turned away and walked towards his aunt's house. When half a mile away he halted to look back, and he saw a bedraggled figure carrying a broken sled and making its way across the meadow.

He did not trail his rabbit further. He hurried to tell his aunt of his adventure and to ask:

"Now, who could the young lady have been?"

"Why, Carrie Thornton, of course," was the reply.

"And who is she?"

"Lives in the brick house, and is the biggest tomboy around here. Hugh, I was going to warn—"

"But she was buried under the snow, you see."

"I was going to say—"

"And she took me for an old man, and I took her for an old woman. It must have been what they call refraction."

"But she's a tomboy. Think of a young lady with any dignity sliding down hill!"

"But such chestnut curls, aunt!"

"Hugh Victor!"

"And hazel eyes!"

"Hugh, I say—"

"And, auntie, dear—the way she ordered me around!"

"But only a tomboy—"

"And I have so longed to meet a tomboy of a girl."

"Well, if you fall in love with her and make an idiot of yourself don't say I didn't warn you."

But young Victor did and the tomboy is at least interested in him, and the good-natured aunt hasn't changed her will and isn't going to. She realizes that snow slides have their mission on this earth as well as other things.

* * *

Welcome to a Meal.

An ingenious tramp entered a back yard in Glenolden a few days ago and knocked at the kitchen door.

"I'm very hungry," he remarked, pathetically, "I am on the point of starvation. May I eat some of the grass in your yard?"

The maid who answered his knock did not reply as he expected.

"Certainly. Eat all the grass you want," she said.

Somewhat taken aback, yet nothing daunted, the tramp got down on his hands and knees and began to eat grass. Now the pasture at this time of year is not particularly good. But the tramp went on munching grass and waiting for the desired summons from the kitchen.

It came in about ten minutes. Hopefully, wondering what good things he was going to get, he went back to the kitchen door.

"You calling me?" he asked.

"Yes," the girl at the door answered. "I thought there wasn't much grass right there. You'll find more in the field across the way."

* * *

What He Wanted.

In one of the big department stores the other day a weary-looking man was following his wife from counter to counter and patiently waiting while she looked at things which she had probably never thought of buying. They were approaching the jewelry department when the man said:

"There's one thing, Mary, that I would like very much."

Fifteen of twenty women who overheard him turned with sudden interest and fell in behind him as he hurried on after his wife. It was evident that they had arrived at a point where they were willing to clutch at a last straw.

"What did you say, Henry?" the man's life partner asked as she paused at the place where silver forks were displayed.

"I say there's one thing I would like."

The women crowded around him and waited expectantly. Even the clerks became interested. Some of them, perhaps, had husbands or brothers or gentlemen friends for whom they wished to buy presents. It was a tense moment.

"What is it?" Mary asked.

"A place to sit down," replied Henry.

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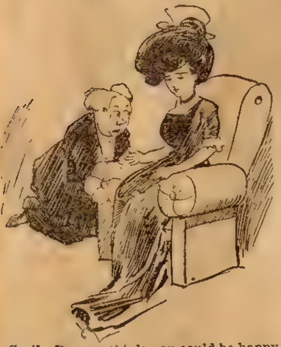
LADIES, MEN, Make $2 a day introducing PURE Flavors. 25 cent Tube equals $1.25 extracts. Also Home Made Toilet Articles. Save half. Everybody buys. F. W. Ziegler, Dept. H, Chicago

TICKLISH TACKLES

No Hope.



Cecil—Do you think you could be happy with a man like me?

Ethel—Perhaps; if he were not too much like you.

Just Provocation.

Patience—How did you rip the sleeves of your new dress, dear?

Patrice—Raising my hands suddenly.

"But you shouldn't raise your hands suddenly when you have on such a tight-fitting gown."

"Well, I guess you wouldn't stop to think of your gown if somebody at a function whispered in your ear that the rat in your hair was showing."

Her Logic.

He—You are the only woman I ever loved.

She—Do you expect me to believe that?

He—I do. I swear it is true.

She—Then I believe you. Any man who would expect a woman to believe that cannot have been much in the company of women.

The Installment Plan.

An American wag and an Irishman were talking of their vocal powers.

Said the American—"The first time I sang they showered me with bouquets."

"Faith!" said the Irishman, "the first time I sang 'twas in an open-air concert, and they presented me with a house. But, begorra, it was a brick at a time!"

Expecting Too Much.

"I thought you said that the furnace you sold me would heat every room in my house," hollered the man with the blue fingers, as he threw himself into the tinner's shop.

"I did, and it will," retorted the proprietor, who withdrew behind his counter for safety and grasped a hammer for defense, "but the trouble with you is you have been trying to make the furnace heat all the rooms at once."

Eager to Please.

The industrial commission that is now out of existence went to Atlanta to make investigations.

John Kennedy, a member of the commission, saw a negro at his hotel wheeling in a barrowful of plate ice.

'Is that artificial ice?" Kennedy asked.

"No, indeed, boss; no, suh," the negro replied. "This year ice's made right on this year place."

Wisdom of Father.

"My dad knows more'n George Washington," said the small boy.

"How's that?" queried the grocer.

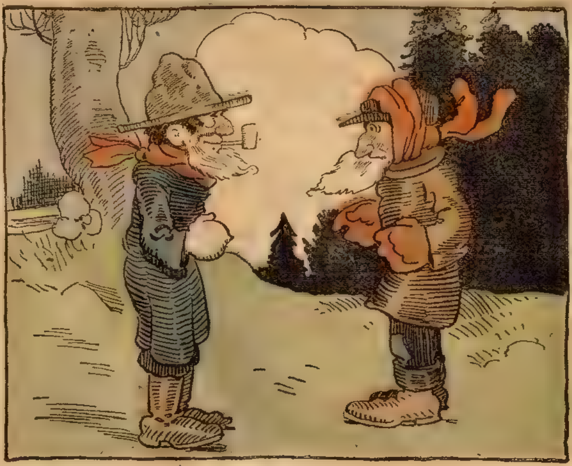
"Las' night," continued the s. b., "when I told dad I hadn't bin skatin' he sed he know'd better, an' gimme a lickin' fer lyin'. George Washington couldn't tell a lie, but dad kin tell one th' minnit he hears it."

A Fortune in Ivory.

He—Folks are very poor in the town you come from, aren't they?

She—Oh, my, yes! Why, they're so poor that if a girl arrives there with gold fillings in her teeth they all look upon her as an heiress.

DISAPPOINTING.

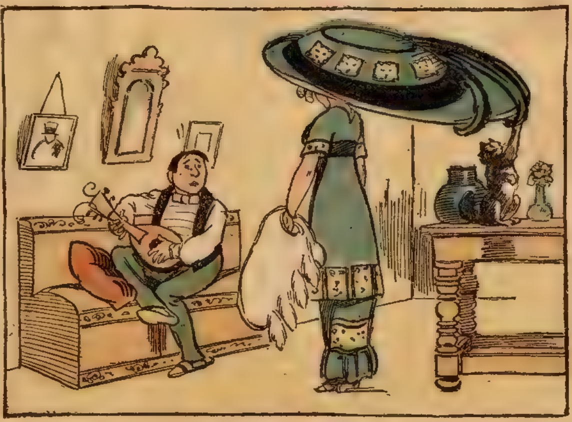


Josh—Ezra sez as how he was stung on his inkybater.

Si—Zat so?

Josh—Yes; the dummed thing hasn't laid an egg yet.

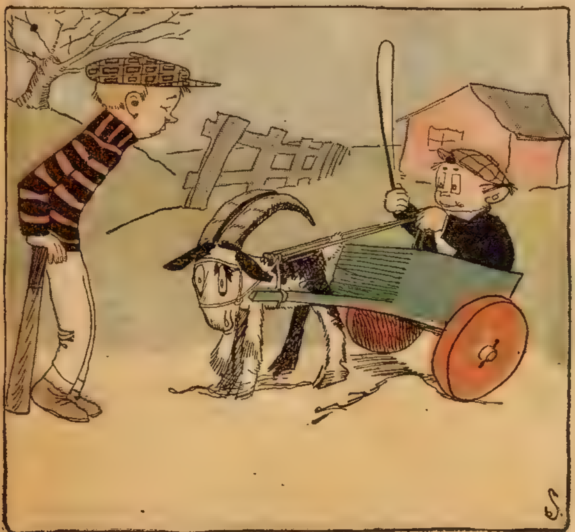
SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT.



"For heaven's sake, what a hat!"

"O—do you think it's too small?"

THE COMPROMISE.



Billy—Hello, Jimmie! How's it ye didn't come fishin' yeste'day, like ye promised?

Jimmie—I couldn't agree wid dad on it. He insisted dat I go to school and I insisted dat I go fishin', an' we compromised on a lickin'.

A Resolute Humorist.

"Doctor," said the apprehensive looking man, "is it true that there are people with nervous troubles that throw them into prolonged and uncontrollable laughter?"

"There are such cases."

"Well, if you'll go through the hospitals and collect some I'll pay them good money. I'm the author of a new farce."

Knew His Business.

P. O. Clerk (to superior)—Can't understand this address, sir. It reads, "John Jones, Y. Hotel." There's no such hotel here.'

Superior (looking at it)—Where are your wits? Deliver at the Wyandotte Hotel at once.

Neglected.

"There doesn't seem to be so much agitation about spelling reform."

'Nope," replied Farmer Corntossel. "I reckon a lot o' fellers lost interest in it when they found it was about the only kind of reform that didn't lead to no chance of gettin' an office."

Something Lacking.

Londoner (to Pat, seeing a football game for the first time)—What do you thing of it, Pat?

Pat—Begorra, it 'ud be a jewel of a game if they only had shticks!

In the Swim.

Redd—Brown said he had another run of hard luck.

Greene—Oh, has he got an automobile, too?

Matter of Time.

"Well, don't get discouraged, something is bound to turn up!"

"Yes—me toes!"

Naturally.

The Mother—You haven't seen the baby before; what do you think of him?

The Visitor—Remarkably fine child, madam; remarkably fine. Takes after you, madam, to a remarkable degree, absolutely remarkable, so, of course, if he wasn't a remarkably fine child it would be remarkable.

What Did She Mean?

He—I thought you preferred the attention of Cholly.

She—Not by any means. You are just as welcome as he to call. Why, he is the worst bore I know.

Why Not?

Willie—Mamma, you hire a woman to do your washing for you, don't you?

Mamma—Yes.

Willie—Then I don't see why I can't hire a little boy to take my baths for me.

More Greenbacks Than Gray Matter.

Maud—So Alice is going to marry that young DeMillion. Quite a feather in her cap.

Ethel—Yes, a goose feather.

Accommodating.

Borrower—Could you let me have $5 if I bring it to you tomorrow?

Brown—Certainly! Bring me the $5 tomorrow and I'll let you have it.

Kill It.

Diner—Waiter, kindly remove this egg.

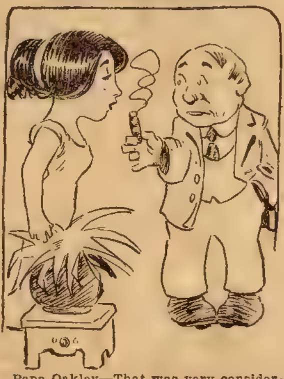
Waiter—What shall I do with it, sir?

Diner—I think you'd better wring its neck.

CUPID EXPLAINS.

Cupid shot a spinster once,
And folks thought it queer,
Until he said in explanation:
"I took her for a dear."

That's the Kind It Was.



Papa Oakley—That was very considerate of your friend Arthur to give me that cigar to smoke.

Mildred—Wasn't it, papa?

Papa Oakley—Indeed it was; if he had smoked it himself he would have become ill on the premises and caused us a lot of annoyance.

Story of THE RED and THE BLUE

CATARRH

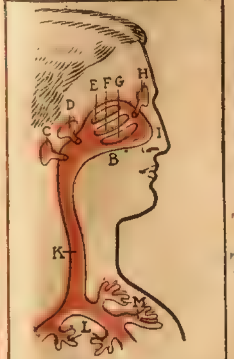


FIG. 1

Fig. 1—**THE RED** in the above cut shows the wide extent of catarrh—ALL THROUGH THE HEAD, DOWN INTO THE THROAT (K), INTO THE LUNGS (M & L); into the ears (C); into the frontal sinus (H); into the sphenoidal sinus (D), etc.

TO CURE CATARRH IN THE ABOVE PARTS IT MUST BE REACHED BY THE REMEDY

The RED shows where Catarrh spreads.

The BLUE shows the limits of salves, sprays, liquids and other remedies.

The Blosser Medicated Treatment reaches everywhere the disease reaches. See Figure 5.

THE RED and **THE BLUE**, in the accompanying cuts, will show at a glance the one great fact about the treatment of Catarrh, viz.: that **IT IS ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE** to reach the disease with **SPRAYS, DOUCHES** and **LIQUIDS** of various kinds—much less with "**BALMS,**" **SALVES, SNUFFS,** the ordinary "**INHALERS,**" and all similar methods of treatment.

In the cuts, Figs. 1, 2, 3 and 4, **THE RED** shows the parts that are attacked by Catarrh, and **THE BLUE** shows the result of the attempt to reach it by methods of treatment above mentioned.

In Fig. 5 **THE BLUE** shows the extent of the application of **DR. BLOSSER'S CATARRH REMEDY**, which alone reaches every spot that the disease may possibly attack, just as **THE BLUE** displaces **THE RED** in Fig. 5.

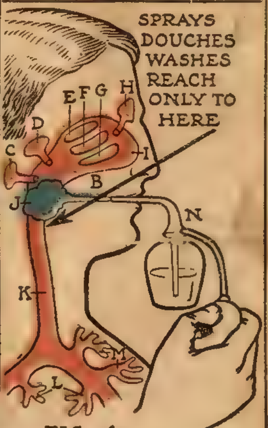


FIG. 4

Fig 4—Shows how little of the mucous membrane is reached when the spray is directed into the mouth.

Dr. Blosser's Discovery

The problem of successfully treating Catarrh is the problem of applying directly to the inflamed and ulcerated membranes in the air passages a remedy that will disinfect the sores, destroy the germs, and set up a healing process.

It is the height of folly to try to heal inflammation and ulceration by medicines swallowed into the stomach, **ALONE**, when you can apply a healing remedy right to the disease.

It is equally foolish to try to heal a disease by a local application that does not reach half the diseased parts.

In these two things we have the explanation of the failure of the generality of Catarrh remedies and treatments.

One set of remedies is taken into the stomach, and they fail—every one of them.

Another set consists of sprays, douches, ointments, or balms, and they do not reach more than from one-tenth to one-half of the diseased parts, and whether the medicine itself has any healthy virtue or not, it cannot heal when it does not reach the disease. All remedies applied in those ways are a failure, and must be, no matter what they are composed of.

There is one more little class of applications which are, perhaps, the most useless of all. It is that class where you draw air through a little sponge or other porous substance in a tube, and get the odor—nothing more—the odor of a volatile, pungent, loud-smelling stuff, the inhalation of which impresses the nerves which give the sense of smell, but the fact is they accomplish nothing more than this. To call a remedy of that kind a medical inhalation is to practice a deception—it is not a medicine, it is only a smell.

In contrast with all these things is Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these.

It consists of a warm vapor which is heavily laden with the medical extract of the remedy, and this is carried to every affected spot.

When you draw the vapor into the mouth and then let it come out through the nose, and when you "hold the nose" and blow, as in blowing the nose, the medical vapor goes everywhere, through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ears, through the little tubes into the frontal sinus where Catarrh gives you so much pain (in the forehead), into every sinus, cell and antrum, into the lungs and bronchial tubes, everywhere. It removes the stench of disease, it runs out the putrid, rotten accumulations, it reduces the inflammation, it sets the ulcerated membranes and tissues to healing. In due time it stops the annoying, catarrhal discharge, and then you are rid of the disease. If you will use the little precautions that we advise, you will never have Catarrh again.

These are the simple facts about Catarrh, and I give them as the result of 36 years' experience in the successful treatment of this disease. I leave it to the reader if what I have said is not clear and full of common sense.

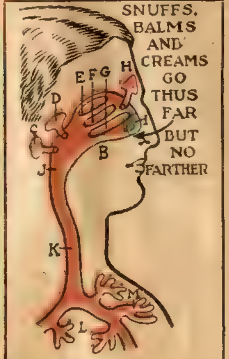


FIG. 2

Fig 2—Illustrates the inevitable failure of SALVES, BALMS, SNUFFS, etc. SEE how much **RED** remains to show the parts unreached—how little of the **BLUE** to show the parts that are reached.

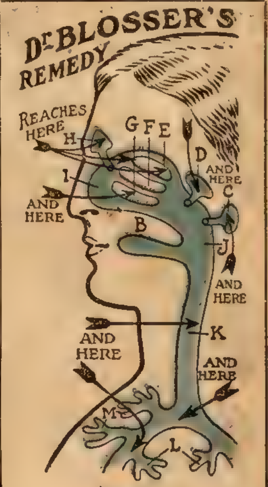


FIG. 5

Fig. 5—THE **BLUE** representing the parts reached by our Catarrh Remedy, has entirely displaced the **RED**, very fitly illustrating how Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy reaches and heals every affected part. IT GOES EVERYWHERE, into every nook and corner in the throat, head and lungs. It goes to the MIDDLE EAR (C), into every sinus and cell (D and H) it gets under the turbinates (E, F and G.), and into the THROAT and LUNGS (J, K, L, M.); and everywhere it goes it exerts a powerful and healing influence

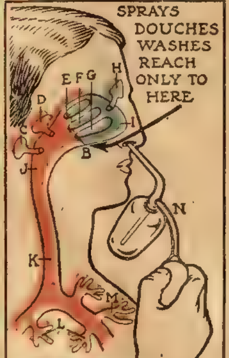


FIG. 3

Fig 3—Shows how little can be done by ATOMIZERS, SPRAYS, DOUCHES, and all WASHES and LIQUIDS

By no possibility can these methods of treatment reach the real seat of the disease.

WHY THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY and sacrifice your health, perhaps your life, by trifling with your disease in this way? THERE IS A BETTER WAY. See Fig. 5.

Free Sample by Mail

Write a postal card, or cut out and fill in the coupon below, and we will send you by mail **A LIBERAL TRIAL TREATMENT ENTIRELY FREE.** If you suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness or any other catarrhal trouble, **YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO NEGLECT THE USE OF THIS GRAND REMEDY.** Catarrh, if neglected, may extend to the lungs, finally leading to consumption. This remedy has cured Catarrh of every form in the nose, head, throat, middle ear and lungs. No matter who, or what remedy has failed in your case, this should cure you.

When you try the free sample and see how the warm, pleasant, medicated vapor **GOES TO EVERY SPOT AND GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF**, you will be convinced. The full treatment is not expensive. The regular package, containing enough to last one whole month, sent by mail, postpaid for $1. It is not on sale at the drug stores, as we wish our patients to get the medicine fresh from our laboratory.

Remember a postal card, addressed to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., or the coupon, with your name and address, will bring you this **FREE TRIAL TREATMENT.** It will also bring you free an illustrated book.

☞ CUT THIS OUT, FILL IN AND MAIL AT ONCE. ☜

DR. J. W. BLOSSER,
27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please send me by mail (free of cost) your Trial Treatment for Catarrh, Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Middle Ear, etc. Also send your Free Illustrated Treatise on Catarrh.

Name..

Town..

Street or R. F. D...................................**State**..................

Spell out name with pencil very, very plainly.

Great Cases of the World's Greatest Detectives

By George Barton

(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)

(John E. Wilkie, chief of the secret service division of the United States Government, has not only upheld the high traditions of that very responsible post, but has won special laurels by his personal success in several big cases. He was born in Elgin, Ill., forty-seven years ago, and before accepting the headship of the secret service had made an enviable reputation as a working journalist. While connected with the Chicago newspapers he made a specialty of criminal investigation, which probably accounts in part for his unusual success as a detective. During the Spanish-American war he organized a special emergency force of men to checkmate Span[illegible] spies in this country. As a consequence he succeeded in arresting their best spies and driving most of the others off the soil of the United States.)

ONE Monday morning, not [illegible] ago, a smartly [illegible] man strolled down lower Broadway and entered one of the Trust company buildings in the heart of the financial district of [illegible] York. He was what is known to the patrons of the turf as a bookmaker, and he had called at the bank for the purpose of securing a roll of bank notes that he had left there on the previous Saturday night for safe keeping. It was promptly handed to him, a roll as big as both of his fists. He counted it over rapidly to see that the amount was correct, and when he got near the end of the roll he paused long and looked earnestly at a $100 gold certificate that lay there conspicuously among the bills of smaller denominations. He continued his study of the "yellow back" for a considerable period, and finally thrusting the balance of the bills in his pantaloons pocket, walked over to the cashier and handed him the bill.

"What's the matter with this note?" he asked.

The bank official looked at it casually and handed it back with a smile.

"Nothing," he answered, "except that [illegible]s counterfeit."

[illegible] bookmaker gasped with astonishment. He went over his roll and found three or four more notes of the same kind. That morning he notified his fellow bookmakers, and before twenty-four hours had passed thirty or forty of the counterfeit notes had been located in New York City. Samples were immediately secured by the authorities and forwarded to John W. Wilkie, the chief of the secret service division of the United States Treasury Department. That night urgent public business compelled Chief Wilkie to go to Buffal[illegible]. The following morning, while he was [illegible] from the Knickerbocker race track entered the room and showed the district attorney a hundred dollar counterfeit note that had been given him on the track the previous day. Wilkie began to do some hard thinking. The note was a companion of those that had been located in New York City. It looked very much as if there had been a conspi[illegible] to circulate these hundred [illegible] simultaneously at the [illegible] of the large cities of the United States.

The chief dropped the business in hand and immediately turned his attention to the new developments in the hundred-dollar counterfeits. Telegrams were sent to the agents of the secret service instructing them to visit the race tracks in their vicinity and look out for bogus bills. These instructions applied particularly to Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, New Orleans and St. Louis.

At St. Louis Captain John Murphy, the secret service agent in charge of that district, went to the Delaware race track and posted the bookmakers to look out for any $100 bills that might be offered them. Agents of the service were posted in various parts of the track, and it was agreed that if any of these certificates were offered by any of the patrons the bookmakers should at once give the secret service a prearranged signal. In less than two hours one of the agents received a signal and hurried to the booth occupied by the bookmaker. He made a careful examination of the bill that had been given to the "bookie" and found that it was one of the counterfeits. The agents were then posted at spots where they could see [illegible] of the track in the act of "cashing in" their winnings. The man who had put up the $100 bill bet on the favorite, and he came out a winner. When the victor called to receive his winnings he was immediately placed under surveillance. There was nothing about the man to attract particular attention. He was neatly but plainly dressed, and bore all the outward indications of a prosperous business man. After receiving his winnings he walked into the rear of the grand stand, and making a roll out of the money he had just received, placed it in his trousers pocket. Then he took out of his vest pocket another $100 bill for the next race. The secret service man, who was at his very heels, made a two-dollar bet on the same horse. The favorite won again. The man "cashed in," and as he did so was taken into custody.

He was marched over to the club house and searched. A white envelope was found in his pocket, containing twenty-eight of the $100 counterfeit bills. He said his name was Marcus Crahan, the proprietor of an extensive photo-engraving establishment at Providence, R. I. He was perfectly candid in his explanations. He said that he had been visiting the fair and was a guest at the Southern Hotel, and that he would be very glad to refer the officers to any bank in the city of Providence for the purpose of establishing his moral and financial standing. Nothing, apparently, could be more straightforward. He was placed under arrest, however, and then the secret service men made an examination of his room at the Southern Hotel. There they found a suit-case containing $4,700 in genuine money. He was asked then to explain how he came to be possessed of the counterfeit money. He said that on the previous afternoon he had gone to the Union station for the purpose of having the return half of his railroad ticket validated. As he came out of the ticket agent's office, the electric lights were suddenly turned on in the waiting room, and he saw in the corner on the floor a long white envelope. He picked it up and found that it contained $3,000 in $100 bills. He immediately went to the office of one of the local newspapers and inserted an advertisement telling of his discove[illegible], and offering to restore the money to its lawful owne[illegible]. This part of his story was verified by the little identification check which is given to [illegible]. In addition to this there [illegible] from the newspaper containing a copy of the advertisement, which read as follows:

"Found In the Union station late yesterday afternoon a sum of money in bank notes which owner may have after proving property, by applying to X-13, this office."

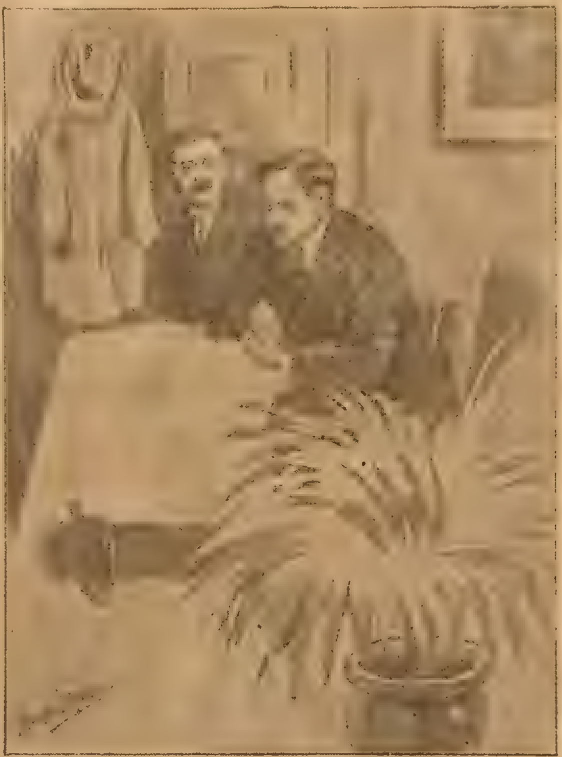
Crahan was perfectly cool and self-possessed at every stage of the inquiry and persisted in his story in a manner that convinced many of the officials that he was telling the truth. An inquiry was immediately instituted at Providence, and this verified every feature of his story. It was shown that he had a high standing there in social, business and religious circles, and there was a great deal of honest resentment among his friends and associates over what they termed "the awful blunder of the police" in attempting to associate Marcus Crahan with the crime of passing counterfeit money. To such an extent did the feeling prevail that a number of his friends got together and selected a representative citizen, who was delegated to go to St. Louis for the purpose of entering bail, employing counsel, and doing whatever else might be deemed nec[illegible]sary to protect the rights of Mr. [illegible]han. For ten long days the secret service officials and the authorities of St. Louis made every possible attempt to disprove or even to shake the story of Marcus Crahan, but without any pr[illegible]tical results. Under the circums[illegible] really seemed that it would be necess[illegible] to release him for want of legal evidence.

Then John E. Wilkie, who had been directing the movements of his subordinates by wire, determined to take hold of the case in person.

He immediately took a train for St. Louis, and after a number of interviews with his associates in that city, began to consider how to reach the weakest link in the strong chain of probability with which Mr. Crahan was surrounded. One of the earliest movements made in the investigation was to discover the exact hour at which the electric lights were turned on in the Union station. The engineer of the electric plant was consulted and his records showed that on this particular date the switch which put the lights into operation had been turned on at 5:40. Wilkie next sent to the newspaper office which had printed the found "ad" and requested a report upon the exact time at which the advertisement was accepted. The clerk who received the notice was finally located, and he remembered distinctly that he had stopped work on that afternoon at 5 o'clock; the ad. which he had received was the fifth or sixth above the last one, and, according to his own calculation, it must have been handed in at half-past 4 o'clock. This pointed to a discrepancy in Cranhan's statement of one hour and ten minutes.

It was important. It was the thin entering wedge which might produce great results.

One of the significant discoveries among Crahan's effects was a number of programs of races at Gravesend and two or three of the Eastern tracks, not to speak of one particular program which contained the entries of the races where the first bookmaker had received the $100 bill which he deposited with his roll in the Broadway Trust Company. Crahan calmly admitted that he had attended all of these races; that he was a



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Write us now. A postal card will do. Or tell your friends about it.

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C. A. COEY, 4322½ Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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These beautifully colored, gold embossed postcards given for 2 cent stamp, to introduce our cards in your locality. Write now. Don't delay. Add

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MAGIC CARDS

PACK MAGIC CARDS AND BIG CATALOG FOR four cents. Bates Magic Co., 53, Melrose, Mass.

lover of horseflesh and that he occasionally made small wagers on the results; but he denied positively having passed any of the other $100 bills, and said that he had never had them in his possession until he found the white envelope at the Union station in St. Louis

Wilkie did some very severe thinking at this stage of the game, and out of it all came the theory that if Crahan was guilty, he might have used similar subterfuges in passing counterfeit money at the Eastern tracks. The chief thereupon telegraphed New York and ordered that a careful search be made of the files of all the New York newspapers for the two months covering the racing season. It was like searching for the needle in the proverbial haystack, but it bore fruit, for in the New York Herald of May 24 the searchers discovered this advertisement:

"Found: At the Grand Central station late yesterday afternoon a sum of money in bank notes which owner may have, after proving property, by applying to B-344, Herald office."

It is hardly necessary to say that by this time Mr. Wilkie had several specimens of Crahan's handwriting. After the "ad" was located in the Herald, the original copy was found in the records of the office and it was in the handwriting of Marcus Crahan.

The Government was now in possession of sufficient evidence to convict Crahan, both of passing and having in his possession counterfeit money, but the authorities did not know where the plates were, and how the money had been printed. The big problem was to locate the plant, to pull it up by the roots, and effectually stop the circulation of these spurious notes. Crahan might have confederates and his trial and conviction, while important in itself, would be a very incomplete satisfaction for the Government. One morning, after the case had been pending for many weeks, and after Wilkie had all of the facts in his possession, Crahan was brought to the office of the secret service division in St. Louis, and Mr. Wilkie, placing his prisoner under parole, invited him to go out and have a bite to eat with him. The prisoner had already begun to feel the effects of his confinement, and he was delighted to [illegible] obtain temporary liberty, and the satisfaction of a good meal at a first-class hotel.

The two men sat down together, and Crahan was given a breakfast that would have delighted the palate, and warmed the heart of the most confirmed epicure. It was topped off with a fine Havana cigar, and then, this formality having been disposed of, Mr. Wilkie proceeded to give Crahan the "third degree." But this "third degree," so called, differed as widely from the popular conception of the operation as the day differs from the night. To begin with, the two principals sat down as man to man, and not in the relation of policeman to prisoner. Wilkie, then as now, was far removed from the type of detectives so often found upon the stage and in the pages of romances. He did not then—and does not now—look like a detective, act like a detective, nor talk like a detective. On the contrary, he presented the outward aspect of a well-bred college man, modest mannered, and with an intellect far above the average. He was quiet and self-contained, and at no time during the two hours they remained together was his voice raised above a conversational tone. A close observer, though, might have noticed that this gentlemanly person had a positive note in his voice and an unusual alertness in his manner. Crahan, on his part, looked like a prosperous business man engaged in the discussion of some contract affecting his mercantile interests

"Crahan," said Wilkie, "your conviction is as certain as that the sun is shining this morning."

"You seem positive," was the rejoinder. "What have you to base your opinion upon?"

The chief of the secret service then clearly and carefully outlined the case of the Government, making it as strong as he felt justified in doing under the circumstances. At its conclusion he said:

"Crahan, your only hope of receiving the slightest consideration is to assist the Government in this case, rather than resist it."

Wilkie followed this up by plausible argument along the same line, and always pausing long enough to permit his words to sink into the man's consciousness. The argus-eyed representative of the United States Government knew by experience that there is nothing in this world more difficult for a man to do than to admit to another man that he has been guilty of wrong. He realized, therefore, the necessity of giving Crahan an opportunity of confessing gracefully. He did this by suggestion, by innuendo, by appealing to the man's pride, by pleading with his patriotic instinct, and, at last, by laying siege to his sense of justice. He said in substance:

"Crahan, these notes are works of art, and it is a great shame that a man of your unusual talent should have, in a moment of weakness, permitted yourself to commit such a flagrant wrong against the public. I am sure, from what I have seen of you, that while you made the counterfeits, you did not originally in~~tend to do so. I feel that, in view~~ of your recognized ability, and the fact that you are a student and enthusiast in engraving, you have been seized with a desire to prove how you could reproduce the almost faultless work of the bureau of engraving and printing—a class of work that will always excite the envy and admiration of skilled engravers—that, filled with this desire, you began work in an experimental way, that you put it under the camera, and reproduced it to see if you could bring forth a bit of work that would rival the unrivaled production of the Government. Then, when this creation became a fact instead of a vision, you were seized with an overwhelming desire to see if you could actually circulate it as genuine money."

Crahan walked down the mental pathway which had been so carefully provided for him by Chief Wilkie as resistlessly as a child, and he admitted without any reservation whatever that he had manufactured the notes. Having made this admission, it was not difficult to induce him to make a complete disclosure.

"You certainly brought more than thirty notes to St. Louis," said the detective.

"Oh, yes," responded the counterfeiter.

"Where are they now?"

"At the Union station."

"In what part of the station?"

"In the baggage room."

"Where is the check?"

"I haven't got it. It's downstairs in the postoffice."

Wilkie looked the astonishment he felt. Before he had time to put his thoughts into words, Crahan said:

"After inserting the advertisement in the paper, I put $26,000 in a hand bag, together with several bottles of chemicals which I use to artificially age the notes. Then I placed the check which I received for the hand bag in an envelope addressed to myself under an assumed name, and directed to the general delivery office of the postoffice."

It was evident that Crahan had carefully planned even the minutest detail of his great counterfeiting scheme. By this method of concealing the check for the hand bag he left the counterfeit notes totally disassociated with himself in any way, and still at the same time within a moment's reach. A secret service agent was sent down to the postmaster, obtaining the letter containing the check, took that to the Union station, and received the hand bag which he brought to Chief Wilkie. Its contents verified the statement made by its owner. The chief took up the question of the plates.

"Where are the plates?" he inquired.

"In a storage warehouse in Providence," was the reply.

He admitted that no one in his business establishment was aware that he knew anything whatever of the mechanical part of the work, but the man, with a cunning almost beyond belief, had perfected himself in the art of etching. After that he purchased a press in New York City and had it delivered in the middle of the night to a private room in his establishment. There he worked and experimented night after night until he was finally able to produce the perfected $100 bill counterfeits. Then the press was dismantled, and with the plates, placed in a warehouse in Providence. It was stored under an assumed name.

"Where is the receipt?" asked Wilkie.

"It is pasted between two sheets of paper that back up a photograph on my desk in my office in Providence."

The chief immediately called up Providence by telegraph. The local agent was instructed to go to Crahan's office and find the receipt for the press. He did so. It was between the two sheets of paper on the photograph on his desk. Immediate action was taken, and after an incredibly short space of time the plates were in St. Louis in possession of Chief Wilkie. On the following day Marcus Crahan was taken into court. He pleaded guilty to manufacturing counterfeit money and passing it on the public. He was given fifteen years on each of the two indictments, the sentences to run concurrently. This was subsequently reduced to eight years. This ended one of the most important counterfeiting schemes ever discovered and thwarted by the marvelously efficient machinery of the secret service division of the United States Government.

* * *

Sticking to It.

Police Judge Simon Hahn, while addressing a political meeting, related the following incident in reference to telling the same tale over and over again:

"You all know," said the judge, "that the speeches made at political meetings are very near alike, but to get something different is the proper thing nowadays.

"It puts me in mind of a case of a woman who appeared before a certain magistrate, and when asked her age she said 30 years old. The judge looked at her and said: 'Look here, madam, weren't you here before me five years ago, and did you not tell me then that you were 30 years old?' The woman said that was so, and the judge asked her what she meant by coming before him and telling an untruth.

"The woman replied: 'Well, you see, your honor, I'm one of those kind of women who do not believe in saying one thing once and another thing another time.'"

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Nothing in medicine is known which accomplishes such vast good in so short a time with weak, broken-down, worn-out, diseased stomachs and sluggish, torpid, lazy livers, as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—a standard remedy for germ-laden, impure blood. When you feel dull and sickish, the bile is not flowing right, and the whole system suffers. The organs lack power to convert food into energy. Bacterial germs thrive at the expense of the blood corpuscles. To escape worrisome stomach trouble and liver complaint, go to the aid of the blood corpuscles and kill off the germs that would otherwise invade your system.

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Detrick's Fine Old Whiskey
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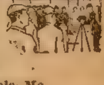

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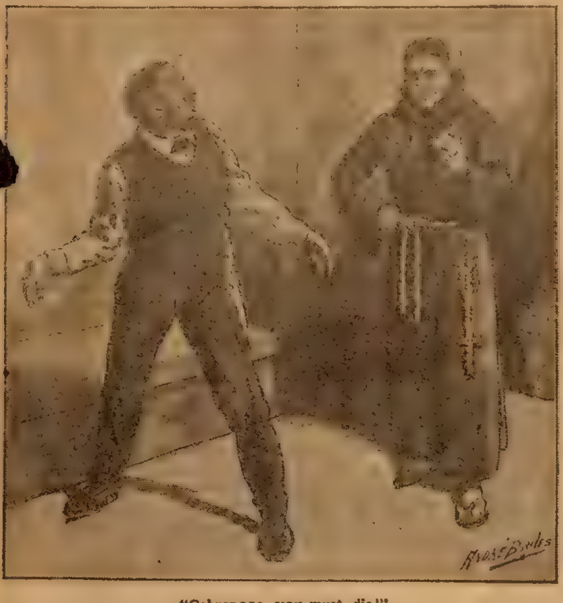
Or, THE TRAIL OF VENGEANCE

(A Story of the Panama Canal and a Long Chase Through South America)

By Adrienne Roucolle



"Cabrenoza, you must die!"

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE MONK.

WHEN they were left alone, after the startling scene, which had taken place with such rapidity that neither had had time to think, Adriana and Carlos remained for a few seconds without speaking, then the young man had extended his arms to her with a gesture of such mute pleading, such hunger for love and sympathy, that, rising, she had dropped into them with a sob, murmuring:

"My poor, poor Carlos!"

He pressed her to him passionately, putting the whole of his heart in this farewell embrace which he knew was to be eternal, his lips sought hers in one long lingering kiss, then bravely he [illegible] her from him, saying brokenly:

"Good-by, darling, good-by forever!"

"Good-by forever?" she repeated after him, seizing his arm in sudden alarm. "What do you mean? Why say good-by?"

He drew her down to a seat beside him on the bench, and taking her hand in his explained gently and sadly:

"I mean, my darling, that we can never belong to each other, that after tonight we must be strangers."

"Part? Never!" she cried, her love getting the better of her natural reserve. "You are mine, no one can take you from me!"

"Alas, destiny can!" he replied with tears in his voice. "That man was indeed my father, that man is a murderer with a price on his head. Within a few weeks he will be called upon to die a death of shame, for I feel that, do what I may, I can never save him."

"What's that to me?" she replied, interrupting him as he was about to continue. "What do I care what your father is or what he has done? All I care for, all I love, is you!"

"But my name will be disgraced, marked with the brand of Cain!"

"It is through no fault of yours, why should you be held responsible?"

"Society does not look at it that way; do what I may I shall always be the son of a man that died on the gallows. No, I love you too much to have you share that lot; I shall never ask you to bear a name stained with crime!"

There was so much determination in his voice as he spoke thus that Adriana was frightened. Wildly she cried:

"But I can't live without you!"

"Neither can I without you," he admitted, "therefore, I do not intend doing so. If I fail to save him I shall know how to end my tortures, end them forever!"

She understood, and her face became paler as her eyes burned with a mad thought which drove the blood back to her heart in a sudden flow.

"You want to kill yourself?" she asked, almost calmly.

He did not answer, wishing neither to affirm or deny. After a pause, she continued:

"Your silence answers me. Very well, be is so then; if it cannot be otherwise, we shall die together."

"Adriana!" two voices spoke the name at once, two voices made hoarse with anguish, Carlos' and Harkless'.

Harkless had followed the pursuing party, he had witnessed Cabrenoza's capture, and had listened to the conversation which had taken place between Adriana and Carlos, but when his daughter had offered her lover to die with him, his love for the girl had gotten the better of his reason, and with a cry of anguish which Carlos had echoed, he had leaped from his hiding place.

"Father!" cried the girl on seeing him, then, throwing herself in his arms, she added breathlessly: "You will save him, you will save us."

"Did you mean what you said just now? That if he dies you want to die with him?"

She hung her head unable to answer, not wishing to wound her father by admitting that he was no longer sufficient for her happiness, that love for a comparative stranger, whom nature had made her natural mate, was powerful enough to make her forget his despair, to think only of evading her personal suffering, should she be called upon to part with the man she loved. She finally stammered:

"Father, I love him so!"

Harkless did not reply, for he remembered how deep and passionate had been his own love for the girl's mother; he remembered how he, too, had wanted to die when the doctors had told him that all was over, that he was forever separated from the beloved woman. He had lived, however, lived because of the helpless babe and the dying words of its dead mother: "Live for our child, live to love and protect her."

He had done so. He loved her with a most exclusive love, and now today, when she needed protection, the protection of her happiness, he was ready to sacrifice his life, if need be, to give her that happiness. Cabrenoza must die before human justice brought an infamous judgment on his name. He raised his head in sudden energy, the hurt which Adriana's resolution had brought to his heart leaving it as he took the mental resolution of saving her.

"Go join your aunt," he said gently to the weeping girl, "I must be alone with this young man."

"Daddy, do you forgive me?" she pleaded. "It does seem so ungrateful that I should not find in my love for you the courage to outlive the destruction of a more recent love."

"There is nothing to forgive, child. You are but a tool of fate, you follow the law of being as it is decreed you should, but go leave us, time is short and there is much to do."

"Then you are going to save his father?" she cried in sudden relief.

"I will try," he answered.

"Oh, then we are saved!" and Adriana threw both arms about her father's neck, kissing him in a sudden delirium of joy.

He answered her caress, then again bid her go. She obeyed and the two men were alone. Carlos had not uttered a word during the scene between father and daughter. He felt guilty to think he had so completely won her love that she was ready for his sake to die, forgetting the life-long devotion of the elder man. Harkless, the minute Adriana was gone, turned to Carlos.

"You have political influence with your government?"

"Yes, sir."

"Use it immediately so that your father's captors are not allowed to take him out of Panama before obtaining the extradition papers. It will give us more time. Their plan is to take him to Colon, place him on a steamer leaving south, without having anything to do with the Panama authorities. You must stop them."

"I shall do it at once," cried Carlos, the older man's calm subduing his own excitement.

"Wait a minute," ordered Harkless, "they may be on their way to Colon by this time; wire ahead that they be not allowed to embark, and the forty-seven miles from here to Colon can be covered rapidly with an automobile."

"Very well, sir."

"When you have done that, hire a machine yourself and join me here."

"Yes, sir. Is that all?"

"Yes, for the present. Do not lose a minute."

Even as he spoke Carlos was gone.

When Dioneza and his prisoner, with Martin and Smith, reached Colon, having hired an automobile, as Harkless said they would, they were arrested by the local authorities, their prisoner taken from them and placed in jail until a proper investigation could be made and the legal papers of extradition secured from Brazil. In vain Dioneza stormed and cursed, in vain he sought to bribe the officials, nothing would avail. He was forced to telegraph to Rio for the proper authorization. This of course took time, for governments, like all big bodies, move slowly.

The next morning Carlos presented himself at the jail in Colon with a monk, saying he wanted to see the prisoner to make sure if the man was his father, as he claimed he was. But as Cabrenoza was a prisoner from another country, and as Dioneza had threatened them with international complications, if he were allowed to escape, this privilege was denied the young man, as he had expected it would be. He then said:

"You surely will not refuse to let his confessor see him. He will be able to give me the information I desire."

The power of the cross worked where gold would have failed; the monk was admitted without difficulty and left alone with the prisoner. When the iron door had closed on the guard, the monk bent over the prisoner who had knelt for the blessing:

"Cabrenoza, you must die!"

"Die!" the word choked in the man's throat as terror held him on his knees, his eyes alone looking up at the stern, relentless face above him. The monk continued:

"Yes. You must be dead before I leave this cell. It is for your son's sake I demand this of you."

"Who are you that you should make such a demand?"

"I am Harkless, father of the girl he is to marry, the one who did his best to save you, the one who is now ready to kill you if you refuse to kill yourself."

"I don't want to die! I want escape!"

"Escape is impossible, only in death, a painless death I am bringing you, can you escape that other death, that death of shame awaiting you in Rio?"

"I may not be sentenced to death, I can plead insanity."

"Not with Dioneza's money to influence the jury. He wants you to die on the gallows, and so far he has had all he wished, as well you know."

"I don't want to die!" repeated the

WHAT I WENT THROUGH

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prisoner, writhing in an-agony of terror on the floor of the cell.

Then the monk spoke long and earnestly, he showed the guilty man the uselessness of struggle, he worked on his sympathy for the son who would be disgraced for life, then, finally to break the last resistance of the partly vanquished man, he cried:

"I adjure you to die in the name of the wife your neglect killed, in the name of the dead mother of your son, in the name of the woman you murdered! Your only hope of pardon for these crimes and from your God lies in redeeming the past by one last act of courage!"

Cabrenoza rose, livid and wild-eyed at this terrible appeal. In a mirage of his over-wrought senses, he thought he saw standing by the monk a misty vision of his first wife dead some fifteen years. She seemed to stand looking at him, one hand extended toward Heaven.

Was it a vision or had the soul of the mother returned to earth to save the happiness of the son? Whatever it was, it produced a most profound effect on Cabrenoza; he bent closer to the monk, asking hoarsely:

"You say the death is painless?"

"Absolutely, the prick of a pin, then gradual sleep which ends in death."

"You have it with you?" Cabrenoza's voice was becoming hoarser and hoarser as he spoke, his eyes still fixed on the extended hand of the vision.

"Here it is!" and Harkless gave Cabrenoza a queer serpent ring, adding: "Press the setting in the serpent's eye and a pin-like tongue will come out of its mouth. Prick your finger with it and your son is saved, while the awaiting gallows is robbed of its prey."

Still Cabrenoza hesitated. Life had been so sweet, he could not consent to leave it. Too selfish to feel through the heart he had lived his material existence in sensuous bliss, and now the animal instinct, the cry of the brute, still drowned the voice of the soul. But once again the vision of his dead wife appeared before him, and he yielded, frightened into submission.

"Hear my confession before I die!" he pleaded. "Though you are not a real monk, I must confess to some one!"

"I can hear it while you die. It will take an hour before the poison can do its work of dissolution," answered Harkless.

Cabrenoza was vanquished. With trembling fingers he pressed the setting of the ring, then with one last wild look about him he pricked his finger, dropping on his knees as he did so and calling aloud in his despair and regret of life: "Now are you satisfied, Maria?"

An hour later the monk left the cell. The prisoner, his hands before his face was still kneeling by his cot.

"Do not disturb him tonight," said the monk to the guard. "He wishes to make his peace with God!" Then returning to Carlos, who was waiting with the jail official his return in the jail's office, he said: "The man has confessed to me. He has given me permission to say that he is not your father. It is a case of striking resemblance. He admits he killed the woman in Rio to rob her of her jewels, thinking to make his escape back of the stage, after which he was sure of freedom, as the real Cabrenoza would be accused and arrested in his stead."

"I am glad," cried the official in charge of the prison. "I knew there must be some mistake. Senor Cabrenoza was not the man to commit crime."

When the monk and the young man had left the prison, Carlos asked:

"Did he consent?"

"He did more, he is dead."

"Dead! He killed himself?"

"Yes, he saved me the task."

"What! Would you have killed him if he had refused?"

"My daughter's happiness is worth more to me than a dozen lives such as his," was the reply. Carlos staggered and turned pale but was silent, only his lips moving as in prayer.

The next morning the guard who came to bring Cabrenoza's breakfast found him still kneeling by his bed. Alarmed by the man's rigidity, he touched him on the shoulder to arouse him from sleep, he then discovered the man was dead. A doctor was called and pronounced the prisoner dead from heart failure, the placidity of face not giving any indication of poison.

Dioneza's rage knew no bounds when he found his victim had escaped him, but there was nothing to be done, so he paid off his two assistants and left Colon, saying he was going about the world seeking forgetfulness. The truth was that he entered a monastery in Rio de Janeiro, where he will spend the rest of his life in prayer, his only connection with the outside world being an unmarked grave in the cemetery to which from time to time he goes to pray.

Six months after Cabrenoza's death Carlos and Adriana were married and left for New York, where they will make their future home, Carlos not caring to remain in Panama where his name is still under a cloud, there being many who doubt that the dead prisoner of Colon was not, indeed, Ricardo Cabrenoza. Harkless, made independently rich by Dioneza's generosity, has given up active business, and Smith, with Martin as his right hand man, has taken charge of the detective agency once operated by Harkless. The two are bound to make a mark in the world, for one is without either heart or principle, the other is young and ambitious.

As Mrs. Williamson must remain in Panama until the canal is completed, she makes the best of the situation by contenting herself with the reports of her niece's happiness. She and the Senora Essilva are inseparable, spending most of their afternoons together, talking of the happy pair in New York and making plans for the future marriage of the senora's own daughters, Carmen and Dolores.

The end.

* * *

CROGAN'S LECTURE.

One of the department floorwalkers at Perry & Co.'s was Mr. Skinner. His first name might have been John, Henry, Thomas or anything else, but not one of the employes under his vigilant eye knew it. He was simply Mr. Skinner, and had been for 20 years.

It was known, however, that he was never seen to smile; that his eyes were everywhere during business hours; that he discharged a girl every week for some dereliction, and that he never spoke an encouraging word to any of the help. He was feared and hated.

One evening, when Maggie Cline and Joe Crogan were walking in the park, they turned into a side path and found a man sitting on a bench, alone. He seemed to be there to shun the public. He was well-dressed and looked prosperous. He gave them no attention as they passed slowly by, but they had a good look at his face.

"He wouldn't give a fellow a chance," said Joe, when they were yards away.

"I don't like him," replied Maggie.

And as they walked it was settled that she should go down to Perry & Co.'s next day and apply for a place. She was working in a paper box factory for $3.50 per week, and a girl friend had told her that she could get a dollar more at the store, if they would take her on. She could write and she could figure, and when she had her best clothes on she would be as good-looking as any girl in the store.

"It's this way," said Joe for the third time. "I'm earning $7 a week. If you can earn $4.50, that is $11.50, and enough to get married on. We can fit up a boss flat and live well on that. See?"

"Sure, Joe."

"And they'll raise you, and my boss will raise me, and it's Coney Island for us every Saturday afternoon."

"Same as the rich, Joe. I'll go to the store in the morning."

Mr. Skinner hired all the help for his department. He was very quiet in his conversation. If only he had smiled, the girls would have sized him up as fatherly.

He instructed them, put them behind a counter, and then went off to hide behind a pile of calico to watch them. He gave each one three days. If they filled the bill tolerably well he said nothing, but continued to watch; if they made a blunder or two he quietly told them to get their pay and retire.

There were no explanations—no arguments. He was king. Sometimes he imposed fines and let it go at that for a week or two. He simply said: "Miss Blank you are fined 50 cents, and next time it will be $1!"

Miss Blank didn't dare ask what for. She trembled and turned pale, and later on rejoiced that she had not been discharged outright.

Next morning, after the walk in the park, Maggie Cline applied at Perry & Co.'s for a position. She met the man she had seen on the bench in the park and knew him at once. She was 19 years old, fairly well dressed and had a keen look. Mr. Skinner took her on in the ribbon department and went into ambush to watch her.

He expected to catch her up before night, but it didn't come off. It was a hard place to fill, but Maggie filled it. She did better the next day and the next. At the end of the week Mr. Skinner should have given her a good word but he didn't. He had a rule and he never broke it.

Maggie wasn't looking for praise, however, from any one but Joe Crogan. As they walked in the park on Saturday night she was proud and jubilant.

"I'm a success, Joe," she said, "and now you can find the rooms as soon as you will. I think I'm good to hold my place as long as I want to, and that I'll soon be getting $5 a week." This was good news, and Joe was rejoiced.

Another week and yet another went past, and Maggie was selling more goods than any of her predecessors for a year past, when Mr. Skinner approached her and said: "Miss Cline, I shall dispense with your services after today."

"What's the fault?" she asked.

He simply waved his hand and passed on. The secret of the matter was that he had overheard a whisper to the effect that he was favoring the new girl. He favored no one. He had an iron rule as to that, and he couldn't afford to be suspected.

That evening when Maggie told Joe he was stunned for many minutes. He knew she had done her best—he knew she was not a failure—he knew that it was tyranny to discharge her on the spot.

He held his head in his hands for a while, and then got up to go, saying that he didn't feel well and would see her next evening. He went to his room first and then to the park. He took the side path and found Mr. Skinner on the bench. As he sat down, Mr. Skinner looked up, and then arose to depart.

"Sit down again," said Joe. "I want to have a little talk with you."

Mr. Skinner sat down. He was accustomed to all sorts of situations.

"What do you do it for, when folks is doing their best? Why won't you give them a show?"

"I don't understand."

"You are at Perry & Co.'s. You are fining and discharging girls every week. You keep them in terror. You don't give them a chance. There was Betty Hogan; she was doing fine; she was five minutes late one morning and she got the bounce. She was late because her sister was dead in the house. She wanted to tell you, but you wouldn't listen. Was that human?"

Mr. Skinner sat up straight and looked into the bushes and made no reply.

"There was Flora White," continued Joe. "She was supporting herself and an old mother. I know her to be steady and smart. You fired her one day because she failed to make a sale to a woman who did not know what she wanted.

"And you fired a girl who had been there for six months and was supporting a crippled brother, just because she made a mistake of a cent in selling $10 worth of goods.

"And you fired another who hadn't enough money in the house to get a doctor's prescription filled. O, I know about these things. Have you got a heart or a stone in your breast?"

And still Mr. Skinner looked into the bushes and was silent.

"You can boss and bulldoze and discharge, because the girls are poor. You know they are poor. You know that half of them wouldn't have anything to eat in a week after losing their job, and that they shake and tremble at sight of you. You know all this and yet you call yourself a man!"

Mr. Skinner moved his feet uneasily, but made no reply.

"And there's Maggie—Miss Cline. Me and her are engaged. She's bright as a dollar. She's smart and keen. You discharged her tonight, and for what? She was always on time—she was always doing her best. She hoped to stay on. Her wages and mine would have let us get married. I had found the rooms and fixed and painted them at my own expense. The marriage was to come off in two weeks. Now—now!"

Mr. Skinner looked around and saw that Joe was pale-faced and his chin quivering. He also saw a revolver in his hand. He took the weapon from his grasp and flung it into the bushes

Then he opened his purse and counted out an even hundred dollars and put them in the weaponless palm. Not a word—not a look after the first one. He rose—kicked out his legs to straighten his trousers, and walked slowly away.

"Here—here!" cried Joe, but the floorwalker never turned his head.

Next day Maggie Cline was sent for by the firm and placed in the corset department at $7 per week. They said that Mr. Skinner had spoken very highly in her praise.

Rural Optimist.

The pessimistical tourist found the freckled farm boy sitting on the turnstile twanging a penny jewsharp.

"You needn't be so all-fired happy," warned the tourist, as he slowed up his horse. "Do you know what the almanac predicts?"

"No, indeed, mister," drawled the lad, pausing in his tune. "Dad only has one almanac and he won't let me see that."

"Well, it predicts that there'll be an earthquake within the next ten days that'll shake you inside out."

"Won't hurt me, mister. I broke six mules for dad this season and I guess when it comes to shaking you up they beat a dozen earthquakes."

"Well, the week following there is to be a cyclone that will toss you over into the next county."

"Couldn't please me better, boss. There's a circus over there that week and I'm shy of railroad fare."

"H'm! You are a hard nut. Know anything about comets?"

"Never saw one in my life."

"Well, Halley's is due next year and it is liable to hit this old earth and put you out of business with a billion sparks."

The farm lad grinned.

"Billion sparks, mister? Gee! ma always did say I'd have a brilliant finish and I guess that's what she meant. So long!"

* * *

Parcels Post Up to Date.

Old Man from Missouri (viewing aeroplane for the first time)—Holy smokes! if that ain't the queerest looking balloon I ever seen.

Young Man (also from Missouri, scornfully)—Balloon? That ain't no balloon; that's parcels goin' by this noo wireless telegraff.

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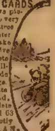

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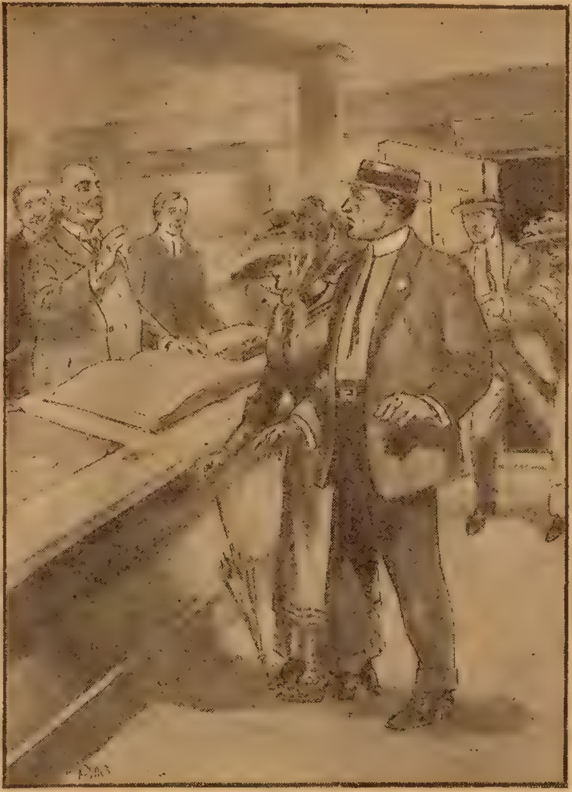
Whisked Into Matrimony

By ELIZABETH MASON

I, JACK GRAHAM, six foot two, brown hair and eyes, abnormally bashful and therefore a bachelor, sat isolated among the unheeding passengers of a big lake steamer. Despite my constitutional failing I was employed by Colby & Slagle as traveling salesman. Why they paid good cash to one of my diffident, absentminded temperament I I can't explain unless this weakness was offset by my adhesiveness to business. Colby said I hung on to a custom like Grim Death or a pup to a root, and Slagle declared my honest appearance clinched more sales than all of Jim Brook's bluster.

I was upon this occasion, en route to Michigan. As a welcome change from rail I crossed from Chicago by water. The boat was crowded with tourists bound for summer hotels. I felt aloof and lonely. For some time I watched the vortex created by the whirling propeller. The green swells, foam crested, slipped to the rear. My eyes wearied of the dizzy water dance. Presently I became aware of the near presence in a steamer chair of one other passenger who seemed to be as much alone on that floating island of good cheer as myself. This traveler was a girl of refined appearance. Her costume was a natty tailored affair of navy blue with hat and gloves to match. Her abundant hair was like ripe wheat in the sun and her eyes were dark velvety blue. Her beauty, loneliness, entire absence of coquettish mannerism attracted me strongly. Never before during miles of travel had I ever been tempted to address a strange woman. Now the desire to enter into conversation with this quiet unassuming tourist was to me, diffident Jack Graham, a new experience. For may years my younger sister, Grace, had periodically set traps designed for my undoing without avail. Her last attempt was in favor of some angelic person named Jessie. Beyond the reiterated name and laudations of character I remained ignorant of the lady's personality. That she possessed another title I did not doubt but if it was mentioned at any time it later slipped my memory. I read praises of this paragon in every letter. Doubtless the lady was equally bored by eulogistic accounts of my virtues.

I had now discovered for myself a woman worth while. Grace's compendium of beauty and talent was not to be compared. If only conventionalities allowed—



"Are you insane?"

"Pardon me," I ventured desperately, "but this gibbering crowd gets on one's nerves, makes a person lonesome. I hope you don't mind my speaking to you under the circumstances."

"The traveling public," answered the girl matter-of-factly, "recall to mind the lines about man's inhumanity to man."

The girl's lack of self-consciousness, her failure to consider me impertinent, put me at my ease. Immediately we drifted into an enjoyable discussion of books and authors. We discovered many mutual favorites. Later in the day we resumed the conversation on one of the side seats near the prow. We were watching for the first sight of the pier and city we were to reach at eight-thirty. Twilight deepened on the dark blue expanse of water. Some boat official turned on the deck lights. At last the twinkling arc lights of the city we neared came into view.

"There," said the girl, "is the pier light."

A chime blast from the steamer's whistle followed. People immediately crowded to the rail forward. With much chugging, churning, grinding, ringing of bells, shouting of orders the ponderous lake steamer warped alongside the landing place. Gang planks were lowered. Confusion of swarming passengers with suit cases, mothers herding children, people taking leave of acquaintances, the noise of rattling trucks taking off trunks and other trucks loading on waiting freight, surged and ebbed about us or rose from below.

"Might as well let the mob get off first," I suggested.

My chance companion made no reply but waited. Against the outpouring tide of humanity a thick set, blue-coated man struggled toward us. As he forced his way he glanced keenly to right and left as if in quest of an expected arrival.

"Oh, here you are," he said somewhat out of breath as he caught sight of us by the rail. "I have orders to arrest you both."

"What for?" I demanded.

"Eloping," he rapped out.

The girl and I stared at each other amazed.

"You're on the wrong track," I explained. "I never saw this lady before today. We are even ignorant of each other's name."

"Don't bluff," ordered the officer. "It won't go down."

He consulted a typewritten slip by the light of his electric torch.

"You're the turtle doves all right," he declared with conviction. Then reading, "George Clark, six feet two, distinguished manner, dark brown hair and eyes, gray suit. Julia Rice, five feet eight, fair hair, blue eyes, dark blue suit."

"Wrong names," I assured him then stopped. The velvet eyed girl might be Julia Rice for all I knew to the contrary. The thought filled my mind with furious jealousy of George Clark. I longed to impersonate my double even at the cost of arrest.

"My name is Jessie Clysdale. I am on my way to Detroit, where I am to visit an aunt," supplied the girl.

"And I am Jack Graham, drummer for Colby & Slagle," I declared.

"Come ashore to a 'phone and prove it," suggested the officer. His incredulity overspread his rubicund features like a mask.

"Are you—have you a sister named Grace?" instantly flashed Miss Clysdale. She was scanning my face intently while her own countenance expressed utmost astonishment.

Wonderingly I admitted the relationship and incidentally mentioned our street and number.

"Grace Graham is my dearest friend," she informed me.

"Then," I reasoned, "you must be the Jessie she's so fond of."

"Come, get a move on," ordered the officer heading us toward the companion-way.

"This is simply awful," murmured Jessie. She seemed relieved to find that we had mutual interest in Grace. Possibly my sister's delineation of my character led her to place reliance on my ability. "Can't we manage to escape?"

"Our names will head a write-up in the morning papers," I commiserated. "We'll never hear the end of this unless we do escape."

"See here," I argued with the officer, "you're barking up the wrong tree. Better get after the real offenders. You'll lose them while you're annoying us."

"Not any," he laughed. "That don't go down."

We were now on the lower deck ready to land. About us seethed a packed mass of humanity. The jam gave me an idea. With a strong hand on the girl's arm and a word in her ear I shouldered my way through the congested crowd. Foot ball training gave me trumps and aces on the trick of butting in among a knot of shoving people, and we were soon on the outside of the bunch and were rushing down the pier.

When we, breathless, turned the corner of a warehouse I signaled a motor cab. One of the wating row was at our side before I had the words spoken that summoned him.

"Drive like the old Nick was after you," I ordered and assisted Jessie inside.

"You forgot to tell him where," reminded Jessie when we were seated.

"They're all hotel cabs," I explained. "One place will do as well as another. After we have established our identity it will be possible to arrange suitably for our stop-over."

During this time our cab was exceeding the speed limit in a manner that would have astonished the police of any city on earth. Street lights ribboned by, our cab fairly rocked on its rubber tires.

Then we came to a stop. The door was snapped open and the chauffeur said:

"Here you are; go up the steps and turn to the right."

I escorted Jessie up the wide steps of

(Continued on page 25.)

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PASTOR RUSSELL'S SERMON

The Famous Minister of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Speaks to the People Through the Ledger Each Week.

Pastor Russell Exposes Interpolations and Misrepresentations.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.—Pastor Russell of Brooklyn Tabernacle preached here today. He had an immense crowd in the Hippodrome, where his topic was, "Hereafter." We report his other sermon of the same date based upon Mark xvi, 15, 16.

PASTOR RUSSELL

The speaker launched immediately into his subject, declaring the widom of the Proverb which says that dead flies cause precious ointment to stink. He remarked the truthfulness of this in respect to the Bible. It is a precious ointment of sweet odor, but certain flies have gotten into it whose corruption have destroyed the perfume of the Divine records in the estimation of many—an intelligent and growing number. Some of these dead flies were mistranslations; some of them, including his text, were interpolations—unauthorized additions to the Scriptures as originally written.

Speaking of his text he remarked that all of the sixteenth chapter of Mark from the ninth verse to the end is now well known to all scholars as an addition made to what St. Mark wrote. It has been known for years to all Bible scholars that the two oldest Greek manuscripts known to the world end the Book of Mark with the preceding verse (8). And these two oldest manuscripts belong to the Fourth Century. Evidently, therefore, this addition to the Scriptures was made about four hundred years after St. Mark's death. Why the ministers of Christendom fail to inform the Christian public of what they all know or should know, Pastor Russell did not pretend to say. Why many of them use these spurious verses as texts to sermons without explaining that they are spurious was not for him to judge. He would say, however, that some used these verses because they suited their theories as no other verses in the Bible would do.

Pastor Russell noted also how some zealous Christians used his text as a club upon other Christians, claiming that if they are not baptized with water they will surely be damned, millions of them even claiming that it must be by an immersion in water. And by damned they mean eternally, everlastingly tormented by fire-proof devils. They go further and make this spurious addition to God's word the basis of the theory that the church is responsible for the Christianization of the world, and that every heathen who does not believe and who is not baptized—some say, immersed—will be damned to eternal torture for their unbelief and lack of baptism. Thus this spurious statement dishonors God, antagonizes all sensible minds, and makes narrower and harder those who can and do believe.

Pastor Russell declared that many Christian people had their faith shaken in respect to their own relationship to God because of the statements following his text—to the effect that all believers would have the power to cast out devils, to speak with new tongues, to handle serpents without injury, to drink deadly poison without injury, and to lay hands on the sick and cause recovery. Many worldly-minded people, reading these statements, declare them to be buncomb, or else that the Church of Christ has lost a power which it should still possess. And yet intelligent ministers quote these spurious words instead of informing the people that they are no part of God's Message and that they are not true. Pastor Russell admitted that the Scriptures do teach that miracles of tongues, healings, etc., were permitted in the days of the Apostles for the purpose of establishing the infant Church. But he claimed that such powers were communicated, according to the Scriptures, by the laying on of the Apostles' hands; hence that, as soon as the Apostles were dead and those upon whom they had laid their hands, and consecutively those who had received the Apostolic blessing and gifts of the holy Spirit were dead, all those miracles and healings naturally ceased, as St. Paul foretold (I Corinthians xiii, 8.)

Coming back to his text the speaker declared that the Gospel was to be preached in every nation, not with a view to converting all of mankind, but, as many Scriptures show, as a witness to the world and for the selection from among the world of a "little flock" of saints—"called, chosen and faithful"—to constitute Messiah's association in his Mediatorial Kingdom, which shortly is to bless humanity with glorious opportunities of knowledge and uplifting influences, which will restore the willing and obedient to full harmony with God, full release from sin and death, sorrow and pain, to life eternal as perfect men in a world-wide "Paradise restored."

Pastor Russell declared that the object and purpose of the Gospel everywhere—not to the Jew only, but to every people—could be easily demonstrated to all having faith in God. To claim that God intended the Gospel to convert the world, and to know that it has not done so, is to destroy faith in God and to destroy hope in respect to any glorious outcome to the Divine Plan of Salvation; for those who claim that God intended the preaching of the Gospel to accomplish the world's conversion must admit that it has accomplished no such purpose, and if God's plan has been a failure for eighteen centuries what hope could any one have that it every would be a success?

On the contrary, however, the Scriptures declare that the purpose and object of the Gospel is to gather out an "elect" or select class from amongst humanity—to test and approve this "little flock" as to their willingness to follow in the footsteps of their Redeemer, and to glorify these by the power of the "First Resurrection" in the end of this Age, when the foreordained number shall have been selected. This, the proper view of the Gospel of Christ, is fully upheld and substantiated as true by the history of eighteen centuries. Thus we are seeing fulfilled the Divine Message through the Prophet, "My Word that has gone forth out of my mouth shall not return unto me void. It shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." It is sent to gather the elect and it will accomplish the Divine intention.

Then, said the speaker, after the Gospel Message shall have selected the saints, and, after God shall have glorified them as joint-heirs with Christ in his Kingdom, a totally different salvation will begin and operate along quite different lines! No longer will matters be left to the stammering tongues and to the dull and deaf ears and blinded eyes of understanding! No longer will sin and death reign! No longer will darkness, ignorance and superstition cover the earth! On the contrary, then the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his beams. The whole earth shall be filled with a knowledge of the glory of God. The King shall reign in righteousness on the spirit plane and his Princes in all the earth.

"Before Creation Was Begun" in next week's Ledger.

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* * *

He Made a Cake.

"I think it said a slow oven," said the man. He knelt on the spattered kitchen floor and peeped into the oven. "What'n thunder's a slow oven, anyway?"

As he looked within, the oven began a curious movement, and he watched it, fascinated.

Something in a square pan had been ballooning out several inches, and even as he looked it began to recede, even as a bubble grows smaller when a child cautiously removes a finger from the spool with which it is blown.

"Huh!" said the man; "that's funny." Then it occurred to him that a draft of cold air had struck his cake, causing it to fall, and he hurriedly slammed the oven door and heaped wood on the fire in order that it rise again.

It is not necessary to say the man was alone. It might be well to say, however, that his womankind had gone off on a visit, and lest some think him insane, to state that he had been reading recipes in the Women's Home Guide until his tongue hung out.

The Home Guide was explicit in saying that such a cake was easy to make, and the man, searching the kitchen, found all the ingredients. The temptation was too great, and he began making a cake.

It should have been a good cake, for he had been very careful. True, he couldn't remember the difference between a tablespoon and a teaspoonful until he had put three tablespoons of baking powder in—heaping spoonfuls—but, as everybody knows, that should make the cake lighter.

One of the eggs looked a bit pale and washed out, and he rejected that, using only two, and he had added a little sugar to the quantity, because he liked cake sweet. But, generally speaking, he had made the cake according to directions.

He cautiously opened the oven again, and with a cloth jerked the cake out and slammed it on the table. Then he stood back and looked at it. Something was wrong, that was certain.

It was of a curious dun color, and had a great bulge in the middle, while all about the bulge was a dip like a surrounding valley. Also the edges were not dun color, but black. The bottom also was black, though much of the black stuck to the pan.

Then the man tasted his cake. Yes, something was wrong. It was soft as library paste and gummy beyond belief.

The man did not hesitate. He opened the back door and cast the cake into outer darkness, and with diligence began washing up the dishes, for there were dishes that seemed to indicate he had been trying to make a cake, and the folks would be back in the morning.

And, when all was clean, he lighted his pipe and took up a magazine. Cake? Not much. He never wanted to see a cake again.

The magazine was not the Women's Home Guide.

* * *

Convicts Make Coins.

It will be seen from the following story, which comes from Algiers, that American penitentiaries are not the only ones in which occasionally convicts indulge in the gentle art of counterfeiting while serving sentence, an exchange says.

In the early hours of the morning recently, while making his rounds, the warder of the military prison at Algiers, on seeing a light under the door of a cell, unlocked it and caught two prisoners at work with retorts, files, molds and other apparatus for making counterfeit money.

It seems that the men had not intended using the spurious coins during their term of imprisonment, but to pass it off upon the natives upon their release, because they recognized that only few westerners could be deceived by the coins.

Their apparatus was contrived with much ingenuity. A petroleum lamp was used for melting metal in a crucible manufactured by the prisoners. They also made a mold in which the molten metal cooled. When the coin was cast they improved and finished it by sculping it with a clasp knife. Naturally, the greatest difficulty was to secure metal for casting. But the convicts used brass and copper buttons which they surreptitiously cut off the coats of warders and non-commissioned officers on duty in the prison.

* * *

Was This a Warning?

Mrs. Peck—Hot water, this paper, says, will dissolve almost anything.

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A large number of people do one of these three foolish thing. That's why they never regain their former health.

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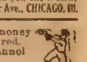

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BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER

Oscar Hartley's Fortune;

Or, Stepping Into Dead Men's Shoes

By IDA M. SHEPLER

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CHAPTER X.

HOW THEY WERE RESCUED.

OSCAR, at last realizing that the door of his prison was in place to stay until the Judgment Day, as far as his strength was concerned, carried the old woman back to the spot upon which her unnatural grandson had deposited her. It was a surprise to Oscar that he had given a thought to providing her water, and wondered where he had found the jug, guessing, though, that it had contained whisky that Schatka had finished drinking ere he reached the water holes Oscar kept open in the streams about, through which the fish would come for air.

Schatka had once been this far south hunting, and then had happened upon this den. It was a long ways out from Tevis, but if he left Wea where she might be found, he argued to himself, the meddlers of Tevis would send officers after him, perhaps. If he hid her far and completely from them, they would think he had taken her on home with him, and call it a good riddance, looking no farther for him. That Wea was close to death, Schatka believed. As well die in her sepulcher as not.

Wea comprehended what had happened before Oscar explained. "Is there air?" she mumbled. "Enough, I guess," he muttered back. "The stone does not fit tight. The air is coming in about it. We are in a bad mess."

"Too bad for boy! Wea no worse off than before!" After which speech the old squaw dozed off to fitful dreams, while Oscar paced the limited confines of his prison, taking an inventory of provisions and light.

The provision consisting of the foxes and other small animals named, and the light when set on fire, from the wood, leaves and twigs, drifted into, or carried in by past generation of animals, making a home in this spot.

The stock in either was not inviting, but with it the boy must be contented. He put in some time gathering together his small supply of fuel. The darkness seemed most appalling to him as he briefly considered the trouble and suffering to come. That help would reach him here in time, he felt no hope.

That morning he had left John Smith groaning with pain. A change was coming in the weather, the old man had declared. But why the portended change, heralded by such excruciating twinges, should have added such extra swelling, Oscar could not imagine.

At any rate, the boy, before leaving, had tried to make his old friend as comfortable as possible. After piling enough wood in the house to last all day, he had brought water, and placed plenty of food handy to the man, who bid fair to lie in bed for an indefinite time. But rheumatism is fickle. By afternoon John Smith had hobbled out to some of his traps, set a short distance from his cabin.

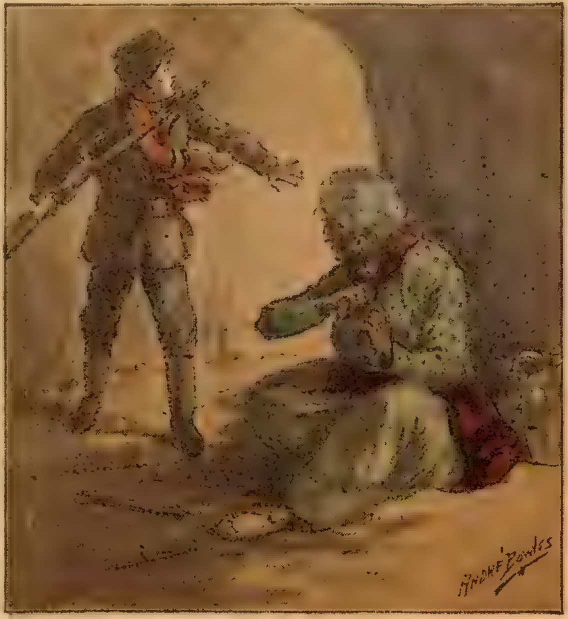
"Don't know what I'd a done if that Oscar hadn't fell into my cabin. Been dead by this time, I reckon," he thought, as he crippled from one trap to another, getting spoils in each place.

And Oscar so soon after was thinking: "He cannot possibly come to look for me, and they would not think it strange at home if I did not come home in two weeks. By that time I will be dead for the want of water. I must not drink the supply left the old woman." This was the burden on his mind all that first night through. When he was dead they might locate his body by the bag and the snowshoes lying outside.

The next day Wea seemed slightly better. Her mind did not flit away into vague, wild talk, as it had all through the night. The possibility of soon being shut up with the dead came to Oscar over and over with extreme horror.

As the day wore on the old woman tried, in spite of her weakness, to brace up his spirits and give him hope. "You keep heart," she urged. "Wea not drink much water. Save it for white boy. White boy can live on the foxes, the other animals. He can drink the blood."

Oscar covered his face with a shudder. He was not afraid to die in the open, but here, this was terrible. He dare not think; instead, he sang, whistled, danced and tried to get acquainted with the animals who had innocently lured him to destruction with themselves.



"Too bad for boy!"

But the animals, frightened out of that narrow tunnel, ran wildly about the cave and over the old woman, to crouch again in the farthest shades, trembling until, with pity, Oscar let them alone.

Of his matches he was sparing. The last bit of candle was gone. A few times he made a torch of the debris, but the smoke choking back, warned him that he must not destroy his bit of air with fire and smoke. Wea urged the killing of one of the animals, but this Oscar refused, as yet. The second night he slept fitfully. The morning after, Wea said "The gun," her eyes shining with a new idea in the darkness. "The gun, white boy. You say a hole shows by the rock. Fire the gun from that. Fire. Some one hear. Have you bullets?"

"Luckily, yes," Oscar stupidly answered. "The belt was about me. But who will hear in this deserted place? Old man Smith cannot come so far to hunt me, and my people do not guess."

"Try! Try!" urged the old squaw.

When, by late bedtime that first night, Oscar had not put in an appearance, old man Smith gradually became uneasy. All night long he hobbled, at intervals, to the door to fire off his gun, hoping to hear a responsive shot from some hunter, by chance it might be, camped nearby. But no response followed his shots.

The next morning found him worse than all previous attacks. The medicine that had helped so promptly before had taken an adverse spirit in its watery elements, so it seemed to the old sufferer. All day he sat helpless, unable to stir from his chair to mend the fire, the cold, anxiety, thirst and hunger, aggravating the symptoms of his disease.

"The boy has gone down some hidden hole or the Wednego has made away with him," he groaned. "And such a nice, friendly boy, with the makin' of a good man in him. What a shame, an' me the old crippled, no account hulk left!"

By night, with extreme effort, he could crawl to get his medicine and fix the fire. Then, all the night through, he watched the remedy with steaming and heat, and to his great joy the evil spirit left the medicine and its good came back. By morning he was better.

"I will try to get to Pelly's Craigs," he muttered, as he filled his cartridge belt, and wrapped up a lunch to put in the bosom of his fur jacket. Then, after bundling his swollen feet doubly against frost and bruises, fastened on his snowshoes and set out on the search of Oscar.

It was slow work at the best for the old fellow. Had he not been actuated by fear, love and regard for the boy so strangely missing, he could not have held out for pain and its consequent weakness the first mile, but he had gone ten or more, besides traversing over a greater number of places within this radius to look up the traps Oscar had placed. He saw that the boy had not visited these traps in two days.

The sun had passed the mark of noon an hour when he sank exhausted on the snow, his lower limbs refusing to longer move on and sustain him.

"I s'pose I'm set to die out here in the snow!" John Smith groaned, sagging down by the frozen and snowbound branches of a copse on the edge of a low wooded plain. Across this, five or more miles away a few houses were clumped together; but the men owning these houses he knew were far away toward the Mackenzie River trapping, and only the women and children at home. These women might and might not, he was not sure, take up his search for Oscar if he could but reach them.

"Better have gone fur help in the first place," 'stead of tryin' the onpossible myse'f,' he scolded, as he gazed at his blackening feet. Something moved against the background of white before him, moved, then resolved itself into the shape of a white horse, its only color the dark of the eyes and the pink lining of the nostrils.

Shading his eyes, the old man gave it a thorough scrutiny. "Hit's too white fur mortal hoss," he soliloquized. "I never see one of that kind in these parts. It's that blamed Wednego, an' I know it! Wonder if it would help me?" Replacing the cloths and fur shoes on his feet, the old fellow crawled on his hands and knees toward it, stopping only when he came to a network of tracks it had made in the snow by tramping about.

"Can't git around them nowheres," he thought. "And I dassn't cross them. Come here, pony! Come, cope, cope, cope!"

The horse raised its ears, sniffed, then slowly made its way across its own tracks to him. A rope halter was yet knotted about its neck.

"Wednego or no Wednego, I'm going to ride you," John Smith declared, pulling himself up beside the white horse, and untying the rope. "They say if you ask the Wednego to do you a favor he asks the price of your soul for it that he may hand it over to Satan, but I'll not ask a favor, I'll jest take it.'

The horse was hungry, and looking for human companionship, made no protest against the old man clambering upon his back, then set off at a good gait in the direction his head was directed, the directions of the river and cliff grounds where Oscar had gone to hunt the black fox.

It was nearly dark when the old man came close to the cavern. He had found evidence of Oscar's work in taking game in these parts. The old man and the horse drank from one of the water holes Oscar had kept open in the small river, although the ice last formed had not been broken for some hours. Faint and muffled, once or twice, the old man had heard, or imagined so, the crack of a rifle. He had fired off his own gun in response, and again at intervals before and after, but the sound had not reached the boy's ears because of the stone's thickness as well as the location of the cave.

"I dare not use any more cartridges," Oscar at last told the old woman. His brain was whirling, his tongue parched. During the last hour a strange depression had suddenly come upon him. "I must try to do something to keep myself alive instead of trying to get out,' he added, brushing his hand across his eyes to shut out the red colors appearing there, all because of the darkness in which he must sit.

'Try once more," she urged, but now in very weak tone. The sickness that had left her partially was now returning. As Oscar placed the gun against that wee slit of now departing light, sharp and clear above sounded the crack of a rifle, then followed the crunching of horse's hoofs, and a voice urging their owner down the dangerous incline.

Oscar's gun cracked, a puff of smoke showing to the sharp eyes of the old trapper.

"Hey, there!" he called down. "That you, Oscar? Don't shoot again if it is. I'm comin' down."

It was no easy task, but at last horse and rider arrived within a few feet. Then, dismounting, John Smith crawled on hands and knees to the fallen rock."

"I can't git you out myse'f," he called in after he had placed his ear to the hole and heard Oscar's explanation of his situation, "but maybe I kin scratch away a little of this here snow an' airth outside an' poke you in one of mamsy's sweet biscuits. Then I'll put out on this here good hoss, Wednego or no, I can't be certain, an' hunt up help to git this here stone rolled away."

"I don't want biscuits first." Oscar called through, his voice sounding very weak and strained to the old man. "I want water first."

"Well, I can't git you that now, but keep up heart an' hang on like grim death to a dead nigger. Don't die as long as you've old John Smith off huntin' life fur you. Say, every one of them black fox hides is wuth fifty dollars if they're wuth a cent. Git that easy for them."

"They're not for sale except on the live foxes. Hear that?" called through Oscar hoarsely. "Half the money is for you. Hear that, too?"

"It may take a dozen of them to budge it, but I'll find them if I hev to go back to Winnipeg to do it." The old man told the tired horse. "And we must git somewheres an' git you somethin' to eat, poor feller. I don't believe you're a Wednego at all. Too easy an' patient."

All the day before Daisy had been uneasy. She told Mrs. Hartley that she could not study at school because of hearing strange noises, singings, moanings, and the like.

"Pshaw, now, little girl," Clint answered her, "I've heard 'em, too, all day. You always hear them in this country in the mild day that comes before a storm. It's the air makes common noises take on a moaning or sorrowful like sound. Even the tea-kettle does it. Listen!"

Daisy smiled in answer, and tried to shake off the nervous feeling. But that night she dreamed of Oscar being in danger. Sometimes he was drowning, sometimes creeping far under the snow trying to find a way out of some underground passage into which he had fallen. And once she awakened, declaring that he was calling Clint.

At the breakfast table she began to cry after telling her dream, and to pacify her, Clint told her that he had thought for some time now of paying John Smith a visit, and if she'd shut right up now, he would go that very day.

"Oh, Daisy, how that young man puts himself to trouble in every way to keep us in good cheer and contented," Mrs. Hartley said as they wasned the dishes.

When John Smith returned to his cabin, expecting to push on to the fort for help as soon as he had fed the horse, he found Clint very cozily warming his feet by a rousing fire he had built.

The old man had scarcely told his story until Clint was putting on his snowshoes, and demanding the direction he must take to quickly reach Oscar.

"I'm most sure that with the aid of that horse I can move that stone myself," Clint declared. "But go on and get what help you can, and as quick as you can," then, glancing over the frail, shaking body, he said, now in pitiful tone:

"You're nearly played out. Here drink this. Poor man, if you can make it to the fort, don't try to come back, but just send help."

Oscar, his mind more at rest now, lay very close to the opening and fell sound asleep, not even to be awakened by the vicious old fox, wild with starvation, sniffing at his feet and face, ready to feast upon his flesh if chance be given, while the younger foxes glared and fought at the mother's heels.

It was Clint's voice that awakened Oscar. He sat up, his brain refreshed and clear now that he had slept. Clint sat outside and yelled through to him.

"How about the black foxes?" he at last asked, "and the other stuff in with them?"

"I think the foxes have finished off the last of the small fry. You must show me how to cage them. I must feed and water them good, too, after I get out of this. I want to send them away alive."

"You will get a good price anyway-you sell them, dead or alive. Ought to get three hundred dollars out of this deal. I'll help you get it, too."

Which Clint did when time was given him to help. Each one of the valuable beauties was taken out safely, fed up in cages, and safely shipped to Quebec, Clint refusing to share one cent of the sale money, and blaming Oscar not one bit for sharing it with John Smith.

The old man refused to stay at the fort, instead, he rode a fresh horse back with the soldiers.

With the extra help now given, and a lever well applied, Clint soon released the human prisoners. Then some food was passed into the foxes, and a screen placed across the entrance of the cavern.

When Wea, after her recovery in John Smith's cabin, saw the white horse, she said: "That's the pony Schatka stole. He left it when he left me."

So disappeared another Wednego from John Smith's list of strange imaginings.

CHAPTER XI.

WEA'S IDEA.

When Wea had fully recovered her usual health in John Smith's cabin, she insisted on not leaving Oscar. She wanted decent burial, and the white boy, she declared, had promised to see that it was given her when she died.

As she would not hear to being sent on to her old home, showing a ferocious fear of Schatka, and John Smith could not afford to keep her, Clint settled the question by saying decisively that she must be brought to his home; especially did he do this after hearing Oscar tell that he fur trader, and accompanied her father on his trips.

"I saw him once here," she reiterated, "and once where the Saskatchewan turns for the lake above the Basquia Hills. I knew it was Tom Hartley's spirit. Why, of course I did. There was the red mark that Wea and others saw on his cheek."

The woman, though shrewd in a few ways, was densely ignorant and superstitious in all others. Despite this, Oscar pushed on to the Basquia Hills.

From here he had found his way to a trading post on the Athabasca River. His trip here had been made at the instigation of a clew given him by some half-breeds, telling of a new form one of the Wednego had taken. It came and went among the trappers, giving no name, staying but a short time in one spot, and now always dressed in white fur carrying a white umbrella made roughly of white skins.

"The region below, where the Wednego comes from, is so hot, no wonder it seeks a cold climate when allowed to mix with people on earth. Seems as though it's uneasy and must be movin' on, though," laughed one of the half-breeds.

"This Wednego has a streak of blood on its face," spoke another, but had little more to tell when Oscar made an effort to get further particulars

At the trading post on the River, Oscar strolled the country over for more than a week, coming back each night for lodging, without hearing of the White Wednego.

Then, one wild night, a new face appeared at the bar, and the trappers lounging about the great, rough room, heated by an enormous stove, hailed the newcomer with hearty greetings and rough jokes.

"Just in from Buffalo Lake, Chris Harmer?" called one of the men

"Just in," Chris answered, cracking the bottom of the glass, from which he was drinking, on the bar, and glancing at the sober face of the boy keenly eyeing him. Oscar's refusal to drink with the men was counted good by them. They were already interested in the boy because of his frank face, quiet and easy manners, and respectful attention to anything said by them.

"What's the latest up your way?" asked another, as Chris, divesting himself of leggings and outer coat and scarf, took a seat by the red hot stove.

"Latest? Well, the latest is, that Pierre Lofto's big wolf dog is dead. Dago, you knew him? Yes, dead, and killed by a Wednego in the form of a man with blood on his face and dressed in white fur."

The men about the room looked interested, although several let out scornful oaths against the Wednego idea. They were men who did not heed the Indian, and the older white trapper, pet superstitions. But Chris Harmer told interesting stories.

"Plug ahead with that tale, Chris," called the bartender.

"It's this," began the story teller; "yours truly would have been pawing around somewhere in the happy hunting grounds if it hadn't been for the sure shot of the White Wednego.

"That stingy Pierre. I told him that Dago would eat him up yet, body and soul. But Pierre says: 'Dago fears my knife. He tried to sneak up on me a few times, but I can see through the back of my head and Dago knows it now. The thief, the villain, but never was such a dog.' 'Pierre,' I says, 'why don't you feed your dogs? Why don't you feed Dago? They pull great loads for you. They make money for you, but you drive them half to death, then turn them out to forage for themselves. Some day Dago will kill some innocent person. How many times has he sneaked off from you, taking the other dogs with him? How many of them ever came back? He trolled them off to get the chance to eat one of them up, and that started the gang, but always big Dago came out ahead. He ate his share of his mates, but they never touched him, no.'

"I heard Pierre swearing one day about Dago being gone. And about that time I was missing everything my traps were set for. It's Dago, and I'll swear to it, I thought, that's unloading my traps. Sure enough, one day I came on the big brute jerking the finest silver fox you ever saw from one of my traps.

"I raised the gun, but, say, silver bullets kissed by a witch is the only sort that hits a dog of Dago's kind. He was off like a flash, and the bullet hadn't grazed him.

"Never thinkin', though, but what I'd settled him for the time being, I loaded, then laid down my gun. The fox hide was no good, Dago had torn it so. I was down on my hunkers setting the trap in order again, when, biff, something cut the air, and landing on my back knocked me face down to the earth, pinning me there.

"I didn't need to see to know that it was Dago. I could feel his fangs searching for my jugular; his first clutch with his teeth had nearly torn my right shoulder loose.

"Fight? Well, I guess I did, but I couldn't reach my knife, and the gun was not anywhere. Say, but it was quick done and quick over. Look at them hands, boys. I will carry Dago's last tooth prints to my grave, but they saved my thoat for one sweet minute, and just as I realized that I was fainting from the loss of blood, and bound to make my sepulcher in the dratted maw of a cursed wolf dog, I heard a shot, then another and another, and Dago rolled off me dead, and there was something white standing over me, shooting into the dog with an army revolver.

"'There!' says the odd thing, whatever it is, man or devil; no, angel, for I can never forget from what it saved me. I'm not afeard to die, but to die by a dog is as bad as jumpin' into heaven from the scaffold. 'There,' he says, 'one dog less!'

"Then he poured whiskey down me, and revived me, and sent me on my way rejoicin'. I love that Wednego, boys. This one had the streak of blood on his face, too."

Chris paused, and Oscar hurriedly asked:

"Where's that Wednego now? Did you see it afterward?"

"No next I heard of it was up towards Deer Lake. It travels."

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT OSCAR DISCOVERED.

"Up toward Deer Lake?" Oscar wondered if he was never to come up to the White Wednego. But the next morning, getting full directions from Chris Harmer, he set out again upon his snow shoes to find it, the men all wondering what crazy notion had sprouted in the kid's head.

The spring was one of the latest in the northern annals of springs. The snow fell heavily in March, and the trappers he met spoke of the freshets that would be long delayed this year. So much the better for me, Oscar thought.

In the settlement to which Chris had sent him, Oscar heard of the white man with the red scar upon his face, but here he was not thought to be a spirit, reincarnated. The people spoke of him as a very friendly man, and one of good knowledge. "He isn't a well man," said one, "and his home is in a cave in a cut in the hills where the sun seldom strikes, and the snow lies nearly all the year because of this."

"I'm getting close up in my search to where somebody might call 'warm' to me," Oscar thought. It had been a long and wearisome trip, and taken some of his hard earned money, and if he failed—but then, if he failed in following an idea Wea had quite unconsciously to herself put into his head, it would not be his first failure since coming to this land, was his one consolation. After while failures do not disappoint. Repeated, their effect is hardening.

"Wait until night and he may come in," the storekeeper at this trading point told Oscar. But Oscar could not sit idly waiting until night. Getting the direction from this man, he set out to find this queer man's home.

Three miles above the trading post Oscar entered an old waterway, a ravine, its sides almost perpendicular. He followed this to where it widened perceptibly below and closed to narrow rifts above in places. It was simply a great cave with the roof partially fallen in. The air, from the depths beyond where the roof was still intact, came pouring out in chilly waves, colder than the air from which the boy had come. He knew that somewhere about was the opening into the present home chosen by the object of his search.

"Ugh!" he shivered. "Who would want to live in such a temperature?"

"A person will endure much for the sake of life, my son," answered a low voice, and Oscar wheeled to find the white fur-clothed man with the red streak across the right cheek and losing itself in the thick gray hair. The strange man was regarding him intently.

For a half minute Oscar studied the thin face, the brown eyes of the man, who returned the steady gaze of the boy with a half smile.

"Well, do you think that you will know me next time you see me?" the man asked.

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"I hope so," Oscar faintly returned, a choking in his throat almost shutting off his voice. He knew now, so great was his surprise, that he had not come buoyed with real hope. All the time his thoughts had been that he was pursuing a phantom. A phantom that had resolved itself into flesh and blood.

"Well?" the man's tone was vexed.

"Well," echoed Oscar, "I'd rather be in my shoes now than Joshua's Beam's. I'm glad, Thomas Hartley, that you did not come back to oust me out of your shoes. When Wea described to me your appearance after death, and some other small points the court did not get out of her, a suspicion was born in my head that the man, buried as you, might not be you. Wea truly believed you dead, but yet, I could see where she might have been mistaken, and how she led her neighbors into a like mistake."

"Thomas Hartley? Who speaks that name in this place? And who are you with the face and voice of my brother David?"

"I know you gave the people you came among any name but your right name, and why I cannot guess. I fear this will be one more link in the chain of evidence that you are insane. Why did you not write home, and why did you allow Schatka to think he killed you? Will you explain?" Oscar quietly asked.

"Sit down," Thomas Hartley said in quavering tone, passing his hand over his eyes and motioning Oscar to a boulder opposite the one he sat down upon. "Answer me first, who are you, then will come my explanation."

"I am your nephew," Oscar answered. "Your brother David's only living child. My father died ten years ago now."

"Dead? I never heard of it?"

"My stepmother wrote you of his failing health, also of his death."

"I never received the letters. I wrote asking him to come to me. When your mother died I wrote telling him to come and I would help him get a home and would care for his children, but, no, he preferred another to me, his twin brother. I wrote once again. That letter he never answered. Then I dropped him. Dead? Poor David! Perhaps I did wrong to be hurt and spiteful."

"That you did not receive my stepmother's letters may be due to your manager. I think he felt it to be due to his interest to cut off all communication between yourself and your family. Now, tell your story, then I have a longer one to tell you," Oscar hurried to answer.

"There is no great amount to tell. I took considerable money with me up to the Levering Indian village. Some I carried on my person, some I hid, but I did not guess until after that Schatka had found its hiding place. My manager was faithful and true. I would trust him with my life; to say nothing of my property. He knew why I did not write back. I cannot write now. I could never write when the nervous feeling came into my head without it making me worse, and I have always been morbidly afraid of death."

"Could not others have written for you?" Oscar interrupted.

"Perhaps, but I trust Joshua Beam, and always, I keep thinking, 'I am going to get better next month,' and better next month, or in a short time, then I will go home.'

"I did not know at home I was considered dead. I heard Schatka sneak up behind me that day. My turning saved my life. I did not get the blow as intended. I let him pitch me into the water. I am an excellent swimmer, and can swim and remain under water a long time, as time under water is counted. The water at that point was deep and dark. Schatka waited for me to come up, but did not wait but a minute or two, then, hearing voices, slid away to come back again to make sure. By that time I had made my way under water to a clump of bushes lower down on the river bank. From here I watched him come back to again make sure that I was drowned.

"I had been getting so much better of my old nervous trouble that I had concluded to go home in a few days, but now, because of this," touching the long, and yet angry looking scar, "the nervous feeling increased in my head and eyes until I was sure that I would go mad. I made my way some miles further north, putting up with a trapper who lived alone. I went back to the Levering village once or twice and looked for my money, for I realized that I must get farther north if the nervousness be helped."

"Wea saw you and thought it your spirit," Oscar again interrupted.

"Did she? Well, I did not find the money, anyway. Since that time I have wandered and wandered. It is only where the air blows iciest and in the dark that I have rest from that feeling. I can scarcely bear to have the sun shine on me, and I wear the white fur because white repels the sun's rays."

"Did you sell out all of your possessions in land and stock to Joshua Beam before you left your home?" Oscar bluntly asked.

"Did I? Well, scarcely, my son. I sold Joshua Beam twenty acres in fruit for which I yet hold a note of five hundred. I am not yet ready to give up my home. I am going to recover my health some time."

Oscar, scanning the thin, pale face, now so like his father's face as he last remembered it, wondered if the glow of health could possibly ever again revive in those sunken cheeks. "Where did you leave that note and all of your other valuable papers; that Bible with the rest?" he again asked.

"In my little safe at home. The combination is known only to myself."

"The court ordered Lawyer Scofield to open it. A locksmith did the work. Except for some very unimportant papers, some business memoranda, it was empty. It is believed that Joshua Beam, or his son, Link, knew the combination."

"No money, no notes, deeds, nothing?" Oscar's uncle hurriedly exclaimed.

"No, nothing. Listen, will you?" and Oscar began his story, very short, but to the point.

When he was done, his uncle was rubbing his forehead, and muttering in trembling manner and with strangely jerking eyes, of barren sands, red hills and black morasses, gloomy spruce lands, dangerous quicksands and earth cracks beset with deep pits.

Oscar listened, amazed. "So he has been even up to the Makaw country? The devil haunted lands, as old man Smith calls them?" he at last whispered to himself, then set to work to restore the chattering invalid to his normal self, if that were now possible.

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming year.

* * *

Holes in the Atmosphere.

The two tragic endings of brief but surpassingly brilliant careers in aviation in a single day recently must give a check to our growing confidence that man has "conquered" the air, after all, says the Boston Evening Transcript. To be sure, a great deal has been learned about the air since Prof. Lilienthal laid his precious life upon the altar of this new scientific quest. It was Chanute of Chicago who, the year before this first death in aviation, now fifteen years ago, perfected the biplane, which was practically the present Wright biplane, minus the motor. The Wrights spent a dozen years practicing with the Chanute glider, shrewdly studying the caprices of the air, before they appeared with their engine driven Chanute biplane. It seems that an entirely new conception of the air above the earth must be formed in the mind of man before he essays to ride upon it as upon the water. It does not lie in strata or flow in currents, as in the conception of the atmosphere derived from floating upon it in the basket suspended from the gas bag of the old balloon. The air is always "boiling," we have found out from Chanute and the Wrights and their new host of successors in "man flight." It is eternally twisting, turning and surging in convulsions, like smoke coughed out from a locomotive's or steamer's funnel. They have already begun building a new language to describe this new conception of the atmosphere and its phenomena, which man has just become possessed of for the time, here in the twentieth century. That was a graphic and original term which the lamented Hoxsey used to describe the kind of weather he unhappily ventured to go up in for the last time. It is an example of the new language and a vivid suggestion of how absolutely new is the knowledge aviation is imparting from new experience to the human race. It was what he called "a Swiss cheese day," that is, a set of atmospheric conditions which cause the formation of large "holes" in the air movement, vacancies where the supporting force of the air is found to be missing suddenly, for some mysterious reason. One understands this new Americanism at once. The moon has for centuries been associated with green cheese, but not until yesterday had we thought the atmosphere ever looked like Swiss cheese.

* * *

Carrying 500 Pounds.

Farmers are still living who remember the old water-power grist mill and the expertness of men in carrying huge bags of grain to the top of it. The ability to shoulder 200 or 300 pounds is rarer now than in the days of our fathers. But in Mexico one may see cargadores, or carriers, not exceeding 160 pounds in weight, who will place 500 pounds or more on their backs and trot off with it, seemingly without the slightest inconvenience. Such a feat would probably surprise even our strong men of old. It is not accomplished by sheer strength, however.

The truth of the axiom that there is a trick in all trades is not to be questioned, and the cargadore, who is always an expert in his business, has brought his to perfection. His secret lies in the use of a cushion that removes the direct pressure and friction of the weight from his body. It rests against the lower part of the back, between the hips, where it helps to give a swing to his burden corresponding to the movements of the body and legs of the carrier when traveling in a jog-trot.

The pad is called a "muelle," and is usually about six inches thick, ten inches wide and fourteen inches long. It is suspended to a strap about four inches wide, secured to the upper corner at each end; then the loop passes behind the shoulders and rests against the forehead.

The cargadore, when about to receive his load, turns his back to it, and instantly begins to lift his feet up and down, similar to soldiers when marking time. The movement gives a swing to the body, and the same rhythmical motions are observed in the hips and knees, with which the two or more assistants, who hold the load, keep time, after the weight is received by the hooks of the carrier until it is in the proper position.

He grasps his burden with a hook in each hand, and the instant it is correctly placed on his back the carrier trots off, and it adapts itself to his preliminary movements.

Another secret is the necessity of maintaining the same rate of speed without stopping until relieved of the load, because if they should halt even for a moment, or check their gait, their burden would tumble to the ground or they would be crushed by its weight.

* * *

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Whisked Into Matrimony.

(Continued from page 20.)

a well lighted building that loomed in the darkness. At the right side of the brilliantly illuminated entrance a door opened into the hotel office. Two of the hotel guests were seated near an open window. They were entirely respectable in appearance but I thought that, for gentlemen, they showed too much interest in new arrivals.

"Sign here," directed the tall pale faced clerk, alertly pushing the register toward me and indicating the place with his long index finger.

"Both from Chicago?" he asked crisply.

"Write the lady's name here," he again directed. Jessie nodded acquiescence, and I wrote her name as well as my own in the most original get up of a register that I ever saw in any of the numerous hostelries I visit during the year. After I finished, the clerk dashed in the details of our residence, and even added our ages, which he induced us to disclose almost before I realized his purpose.

A benevolent looking man of mild expression now stepped forward. I concluded he was the proprietor or manager and that he wished to inform us regarding meals and rooms. I was about to tell him we had dined on board when he suddenly reeled off the astonishing query:

"Jack Graham do you take this woman, Jessie, to be your lawful wife?"

I stared at the man aghast. Was he crazy or drunk? A glance at Jessie showed me that the girl's face was scarlet. She stood waiting for my answer. Never was a situation so horribly embarrassing. If I repudiated the suggestion I not only put a slight on the lady but perjured myself.

"Say yes," prompted the clerk in an aside. Then the benevolent looking party was insane and must be humored.

"I'd be very glad if Miss Clysdale would honor me to that extent," I said and meant it.

"Jessie," said the lunatic turning swiftly toward my blushing companion, "do you take this man, Jack Graham, as your lawful husband?"

The girl's lips moved but to this day I don't know what words she formed.

"I hereby, by virtue of my office, now pronounce you man and wife," went on the demented man with scarce a pause. The entire incident had not consumed five minutes from our entrance to the last word spoken by the madman.

"There, it's all over!" he smiled. "You're tied up in as tight a matrimonial knot as if you'd been married by the Lord Mayor of London. Oh, I tell you Bar Haven is the best Gretna Green on this shore. Cabs waiting at dock with drivers that know their business; yes, sir. And a license clerk and witnesses ready every minute of the day. I tell you there's nothing like it anywhere in Michigan. As for tying the knot why, bless you, I can handle five weddings in—"

"For God's sake hurry," cried a voice. "Name—George Clark and Julia Rice—residence Chicago—ages thirty-eight and thirty."

Entering the room with a rush were our doubles—the couple wanted by the officer. The man was about my height, had much the same color of hair and eyes but if I had to wear his face, why, I'd bolt. The woman at his heels was dressed in blue, had hair like—oh, like faded hemp. Her eyes were blue—china doll blue.

Immediately the benevolent-looking madman recommenced reeling off the words of the marriage service. Then, and not till then, I comprehended to the full my egregious imbecility and to what it had led. I now recalled numerous accounts I had read of the famous triumvirate of hotel proprietor, license clerk and clergyman, who had arranged for the accommodation of eloping couples. Their cab driver had most naturally mistaken us for legitimate prey; the clerk, with his ever ready book of blanks, had filled in essentials at lightning speed; the benevolent clergyman had expedited his part of the play in the character—as it seemed to my obtuseness—of a harmless lunatic. Hired witnesses had clinched the bargain.

Result: We, Jessie Clysdale and myself, were married—married beyond question of doubt. In that instant of comprehension my heart bounded with joy then settled like lead. The girl would accuse me of intentional blackguardism; she would never acquit me of villainous design; she'd believe I had entrapped—

"My poor girl," I began desperately and contritely, "we're up against it; this is the famous marriage bureau established in the most famous Gretna Green of America. I swear I never suspected the truth. But we're married and I would to God it met your approval."

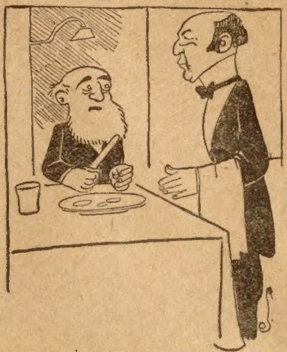
While I blundered through this explanation my accidentally-acquired bride stood with bent head. The bit of her face and ear visible beneath her hat rim flamed scarlet. When I finished she lifted her deep blue eyes an instant to my face. That glimpse of my abject humility, commiseration for her plight and supplication for her favor, must have touched her heart.

"Perhaps," she whispered, "sometime when we're more—more in love, you may call me Mrs.—"

I waited for no more. The dear girl was clasped in my arms—no one heeded the commonplace act—and her sweet red lips received the seal of betrothal and—marriage.

* * *

Strong Combination.



Customer—What was the trouble in here? Why was that big chap raising thunder?

Walter—Why, he had just eaten a lightning lunch, sir.

* * *

Tender With Cattle.

The late Justice Brewer was presiding over a civil case in which one of the important witnesses was a horse doctor named Williams. The doctor was a very small man with a weak little voice, and the counsel on both sides, as well as the court and jury, had great difficulty in hearing his testimony.

During his cross examination the counsel for the plaintiff became exasperated, and began to prod and hurry the little man.

"Dr. Williams," he shouted, "if we are ever going to get anywhere with this case you must speak up so the court will hear you! Speak up, loud and strong, sir!"

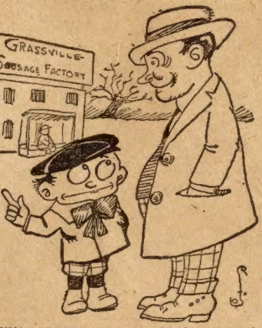
The small sized veterinary tried, but it was evidently no use. Whether from embarrassment or inability, the sound would not come.

"Well, your honor—" began the counsel, indignantly, when Judge Brewer stopped him with a gesture. Leaning over the bench, he said, in his kindly tone:

"Mr. Attorney, you must be patient with the doctor. He cannot help it. Years spent in the sickroom have apparently made speaking low a second nature with him."

* * *

Getting Posted.



Willie Citykid—Say, pa, is that the village cut-up?

* * *

That Awful Small Boy.

Small boy—What is a roost, pa?

Parent—A roost, my son, is the pole on which chickens roost at night.

Small boy—And what is a perch, papa?

Parent—A perch is what chickens perch on at night.

Small boy—Well, papa, could a chicken roost on a perch?

Parent—Why, of course.

Small boy—And could they perch on a roost?

Parent—Certainly, of course.

Small boy—But if the chicken perched on a roost, that would make the roost a perch, wouldn't it?

Parent—O, heavens, yes! I suppose so.

Small boy—But if just after some chickens had perched on a roost and made it a perch, some chickens came along and roosted on the perch and made it a roost, then the roost would be a perch, and the perch would be a roost, and some of the chickens would be perchers, and the others would be roosters, and—

Parent—Susan, Susan! take this child to bed before he drives me mad.

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Address..............................

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FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Sec'y.

Magic Foot Drafts are curing old chronic cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, after everything else had failed, as well as all the milder stages. We have the evidence to prove all our claims. It must be plain that we couldn't send the Drafts out everywhere as we do on approval if they didn't cure. We want every sufferer to try them, so send us your full address on the coupon to-day. Our valuable illustrated Book on Rheumatism comes free with the trial Drafts. Send no money—only the coupon.

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Pickled Peppers

In the Future.

The intrepid general was rallying her wavering female troops.

"Women," she cried, "will you give way to mannish fears?"

A muffled murmur of indecision ran through the ranks.

"Shall it be said we are clothed in male armor?" shrieked the general.

The murmur became a mumble.

"Will you," fiercely demanded the general, "show the white feather in a season when feathers are not worn?"

The effect was electrical.

"Never!" roared the soldiery. And, forming fast into battle array, they once more hurled themselves upon the enemy.

This Will Stop Your Cough in a Hurry

Save $2 by Making This Cough Syrup at Home.

This recipe makes a pint of better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for $2.50. A few doses usually conquer the most obstinate cough—stops even whooping cough quickly. Simple as it is, no better remedy can be had at any price.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle; then add the Sugar Syrup. It has a pleasant taste and lasts a family a long time. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. Has a good tonic effect, braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, too, which is helpful. A handy remedy for hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and all throat and lung troubles.

The effect of pine on the membranes is well known. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norwegian white pine extract, and is rich in guiaicol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup recipe has attained great popularity throughout the United States and Canada. It has often been imitated, though never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 206 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

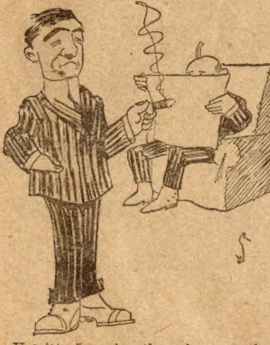
She Would Vote.

"John," said Mrs. Binks uneasily the other night, "I am very much afraid that my bank is in a bad way."

"Oh, nonsense! my dear Maria—nonsense!" said Binks. "Why, it's one of the strongest institutions in the country. Whatever put that notion into your dear old head?"

"Well, it's very funny" said Mrs. Binks, still unconvinced. "They've just returned a check of mine for $25 marked no funds."

Matrimonial Union.



Hewitt—In union there is strength.

Jewett—Well marriage has weakened my pocket book.

FREE ASTHMA CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Building, St. Mary's, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

The Real Thing.

"Let one man stand at my right hand," Horatius quoth, quoth he. "Let one abide at my left side and keep the bridge with me. Three men, I wot, can make it hot for caitiff foes like these; and when we write about the fight we'll share the royalties."

All Mixed Up.

"Dear me, now!" exclaimed the nervous old lady with the seventeen packages and the parrot, bound for Cockie-on-the-Shell. "What did the guard say was the next station? Did he say Cockie-on-the-Shell?"

"Excuse me," remonstrated the girl from Girton. "You mean what is the next station. It's still a station, you know."

"You're wrong, madam," interposed an octogenarian. "What is was, isn't it?"

"Is is was?" asked the Girton girl sharply."

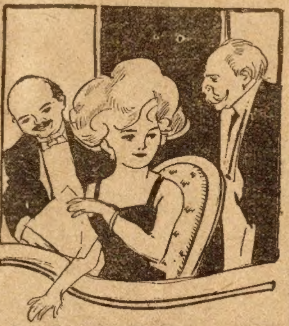
"Don't be ridiculous!" snapped the nervous old lady. "Was may be is; but if was was is, then is isn't is, or was wasn't was." She passed her hand across her fevered brow. "If was is, was is was, isn't it?" she continued. "But if is is was, then——"

"Listen!" interposed a fifth. "Is is; was was; was was was; is is is."

"Oh, well, anyway," cried the old lady, "is the next station my station—Cockie-on-the-Shell?"

"No, madam," replied the octogenarian. "But it was. We have just gone by it!"

A Talkative Woman.



Mrs. Chatterly—Here I am, a rose between two thorns.

Mr. Chatterly—More like a tongue sandwich, I should say.

Way to Lengthen Life.

Uncle Mose—Look-a-heah, you George Washington Jefferson, what you all smokin' dat pipe fo'? Didn't Ah done tell you dat smokin' shortins er man's life moh dan haff?

Young G. W. J.—But you has bin smokin' mos' yo' life, Uncle Mose, and Ah reckon yo's is a purty ole man.

Uncle Mose—Dat's all right, erbout me smokin', mah boy, but dat ain't de point. Ah's eighty-foh yeahs ole now, but ef Ah hadn't nevah smoked, Ah might have been moh than a hundred yeahs ole by dis time.

PUZZLERS.

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
  or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
  Because there are pupils there?"

In the crown of his head what gems are set?
  Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth
  The nails on the ends of his toes?

What does he raise from a slip of his tongue?
  Who plays on the drums on his ears?
  And who can tell the cut and style
  Of the coat his stomach wears.

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail,
  And if so, what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
  I'll be hanged if I know—do you?

The Early Worm.

A father had been lecturing his young hopeful upon the evils of staying out late at night and getting up late in the morning. "You will never amount to anything," he continued, "unless you turn over a new leaf. Remember the early bird catches the worm."

"How about the worm, father?" inquired the young man. "Wasn't he rather foolish to get up so early?"

"My son," said the father, solemnly, "that worm hadn't been to bed all night; he was on his way home."

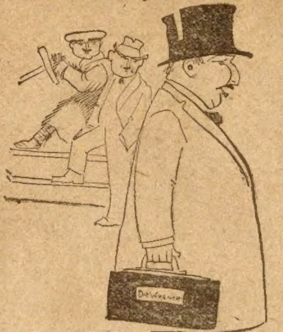
Wrong License.

The Stranger—Are you quite sure that that was a marriage license you gave me last month?

The Official—Of course! What's the matter?

The Stranger—Well, I've lived a dog's life ever since.

His Only One.



"I hear that Dr. Wrench has a famous case. What is it?"

"You see it with him."

Those Newspaper Yarns.

A worthy old dame of New England once invited her husband's attention to what seemed to her a curious item in the journal she was looking at. "Listen to this," said she, reading:

" 'The Mary H. Barker of Gloucester reports that she saw two whales, a cow and a calf, floating off Cape Cod the day before yesterday.' "

"Well, what about it?" asked the husband.

"Only this," replied his spouse. "I can understand about the two whales, but what beats me is, how the cow and the calf got 'way out there."

A Safe Spot.

In spite of his well-known poor marksmanship, a certain Englishman was invited to the country for a day's shooting. The attendant, in great disgust, witnessed miss after miss.

"Dear me," at last exclaimed the sportsman, "but the birds seem exceptionally strong on the wing this year."

"Not all of 'em, sir," came the remark. "You've shot at the same bird this last dozen times. 'E's follering you about, sir."

"Following me about! Nonsense! Why should a bird do that?"

"I dunno, sir, I'm sure," replied the man, "unless 'e's 'anging around for safety."

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Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

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Every Post Card collector should have this album and these cards. You can have them FREE OF CHARGE. Send us $1.00 for one year's subscription to THE CHICAGO LEDGER and we will send the cards and album to you at once, all charges prepaid. **Think of it**—fifty-two copies of this great weekly for a dollar, and this handsome Album and twenty-five Post Cards FREE.

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HOME AND FASHION

Buying Rugs.

If the white shows the least bit of the color of the border the dyes are aniline and the rug is not fit to buy. If the white seems pure or there is no white in the border wet a piece of white cloth and rub the reds of the rug hard. If the least bit of color stains it the dyes are aniline and the rug is no better than a domestic rug.

In colors the thing to avoid is orange. If blues are used be sure they are turquoise. Or if it is a darker blue test it with a damp rag, for green is often treated with acids to make dark blues.

Borders inside of borders make good designs. Reds, that are wine colored are quite serviceable, but are not considered fine, as the best red of the Oriental rug is a soft, rather light old rose shade.

The buying of Oriental rugs may aptly be called extravagant economy, for even at $25 money is much better invested than the same amount spent for a domestic rug.

It is quite possible to get a small Oriental rug of fairly good quality for $25, and when you've got it you have a rug made of better wool, dyed with vegetable dyes and that will outlast your $25 domestic rug four or five times. Instead of deteriorating, too, it will improve as it grows older and always increases in value. In buying a rug it is possible to test the dyes yourself by closly examining the white that is next to the colored border.

A Pretty Workbag.

The latest thing in workbags has a quaintness that makes it appropriate to be used as a prize. It is in the shape of a miniature sunbonnet and can easily be made at home.

Cut two pieces of cardboard four inches deep in front and two at back. Slope the sides to the shape of a sunbonnet frame.

Cover each piece with a flowered silk on the outside and white satin on inner side. To the back edge of the two pieces join a gathered crown of the silk and to the lower edges put a shaped peplum of the same material. This is cut three inches wide at top, the frame extending beyond it, and should be two inches deep, with the back edge cut straight and the front one sloped to make the lower edge of frill about four inches deep.

The crown is joined to the frames with a narrow whalebone, which opens to form a small bag for thread, thimble and a bit of fancy work.

One one inner side of frame are fastened leaves of white French flannel, with edges pinked and briar stitched in colored silk. On opposite side is ribbon, held at intervals to hold scissors, bodkin, stiletto and rule.

The bonnet fastens in front with a crocheted loop and button, and may have baby ribbon attached if it is to be carried.

Boudoir Slippers.

A dainty pair of bedroom slippers may be made from two lapped sections of shirred three inch ribbon (the length, of course, depending on the size of the foot) attached across the front of a lamb's wool sole. This forms the toe and instep portion.

The sides and back of the slipper are formed of a straight band of ribbon, lined with satin and sewed to the sole. If desired, it can be stiffened with bristol board. Flowered taffeta ribbon is best for this purpose, but it should not be too flimsy.

A drawstring passed through the upper edge of the sides may be tied in a bow in front, or the upper edge may be finished at the sides and back by a two inch wide portion lined with the satin in a contrasting cover portion, turned down like a collar and caught by a few stitches or a baby ribbon rosette.

Shades of Blue.

Blue, that color that both blonde and brunette can wear with becoming results, is a color that will be continued into the early spring.

There is the king's blue or "bleu de roi," as you have perhaps seen it. It is between a sapphire blue and sky blue and is a delightful compromise. It is particularly good for trimming in pipings, bands, bows or braiding.

Gendarme blue has a greenish cast and shows up well under artificial light. It is the color of the uniforms of the French soldier.

Gobelin blue bids fair to have a tremendous adoption. It is soft and combines with nearly every other shade.

Sapphire blue, especially in satin and velvet, will be a favorite in trimmings. Jewels of this shade will be extensively used.

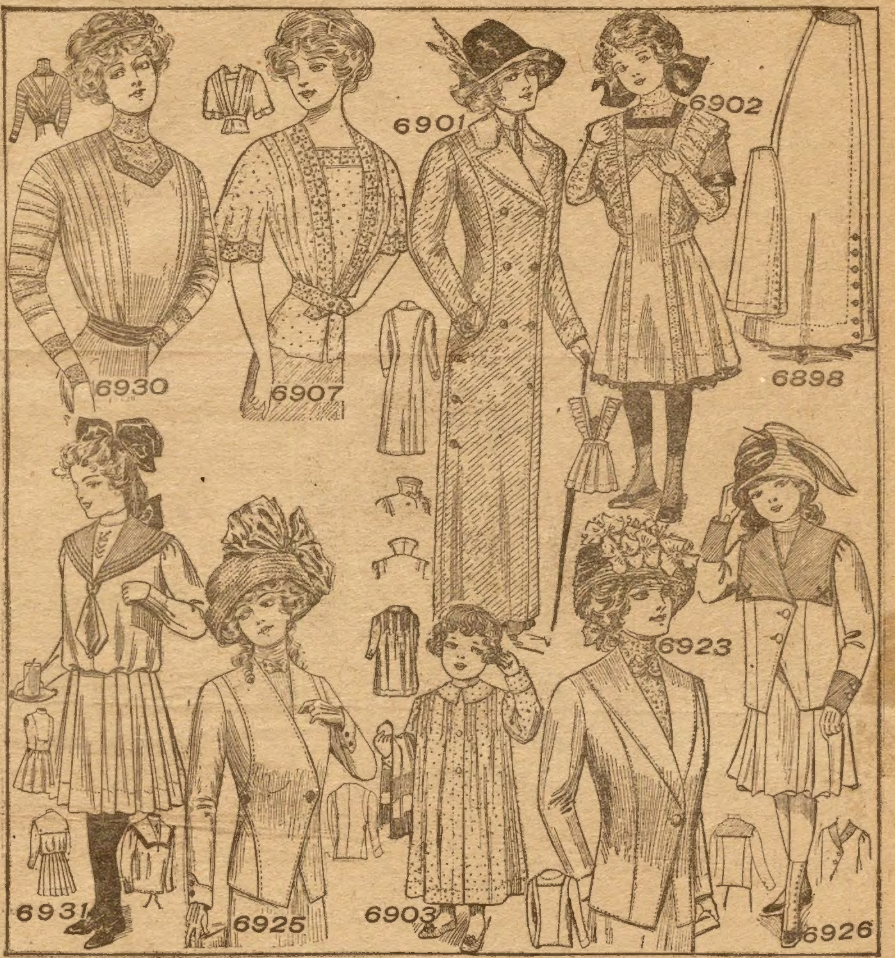
A peculiar green blue, named for the sea, is being shown in Paris. It is iridescent and therefore friendly when the question of alliance with other shades is considered.

GET FIVE PATTERN COUPONS FREE

Hundreds of Patterns to select from and all the time you need to select them.

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. We think our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. To meet this need we have arranged to give our readers a pattern service that is unexcelled.

We have decided to make a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and, what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. READ OUR SPLENDID OFFER BELOW.



6930—Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist with Body and Sleeves in One, 34 to 42 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3½ yards 27 or 36 inches wide, or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 1¼ yards of wide, 1 yard of narrow banding and ⅝ yard of all-over lace.

6907—House Jacket with Peplum and Body and Sleeves in One, 34 to 42 bust. For the medium size will be required 3 yards of material 27 in. wide, 2 yards 36 or 1⅝ yards 44 in. wide, 5 yards of banding.

6901—Long Coat, 34 to 44 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3¼ yards 27 inches wide, 5½ yards 44 or 4 yards 52 inches wide, with 1⅝ yards any width for facing of collar and fronts.

6902—Girl's Apron, 6 to 12 years. For a girl of 10 years of age will be required 2⅝ yards 27 or 1⅝ yards 36 inches wide, with 3⅜ yards of insertion, 2¾ yards of ruffling for the bretelles.

6898—Four-Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 waist. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 5⅝ yards 27 inches wide, 4 yards 44 or 2¾ yards 52 inches wide when material has figure or nap; 2¾ yards 44 inches wide when material has neither figure nor nap. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2⅝ yards.

6931—Girl's Sailor Costume, 8 to 12 years. For a girl of 10 years of age will be required 5¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 4½ yards 36 or 3 yards 44, with ½ yard of any width for collar, 4½ yards of braid.

6925—Fancy Coat for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. The quantity of material required for the 16 year size is 4 yards 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 44 or 2¼ yards 52 inches wide.

6903—Child's Wrapper, 6 months, 1, 2 and 4 years. For a child 2 years of age will be required 3½ yards of material 27 or 2⅝ yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

6923—Single Button Coat for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16 year size will be required 3¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2¼ yards 44 or 1⅞ yards 52 inches wide.

6926—Girl's Cutaway Coat with Round or Sailor Collar, 8 to 12 years. For a girl 10 years of age will be required 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, 1¾ yards 44 or 1½ yards 52 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 or any width for the collar and cuffs.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERN COUPONS.

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of The Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you will have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modistes of New York and Paris, and are all up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons!

…………………………… CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO US ……………………………

THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
500 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.:

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger.

This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons.

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☞ If you wish any patterns from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number). **GOOD FOR ANY TIME.**

The Ledger's Splendid Free Pattern Offer. Read About It

ELLSWORTH YOUNG

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

SLEEPYHEAD.

Teensy little tads like me
  Can't have no fun at all,
For soon as we are through with tea
  Somebody's bound to call,
In an awful mean old way:
  "Bobby, come to bed!
Brother Dick an' 'sis can stay,
  But you're a sleepyhead!"

When all the children go to see
  The movin'-picture show,
I see the first—that's all for me—
  An' then I have to go.
'Cause nursie whispers: "You can't wait;
  That's what your mother said,
For now, you know, it's getting late,
  An' you're a sleepyhead!"

An' it's the same way Sunday night,
  When sister's beau's in town;
I see them shade the parlor light
  An' pull the curtains down;
'En if I drop in unawares,
  Why, sister's cheeks git red;
She scolds and says: "You run upstairs,
  You little sleepyhead!"

It's "sleepyhead" an' "sleepyhead!"
  That makes me awful mad;
They pick on me, my nursie said,
  Because I'm just a tad.
Well, when I am a man, just wait,
  I'll send some kid to bed,
An' say: "You can't sit up so late,
  'Cause you're a sleepyhead!"

THE CAT AND DOG.

There was a Sunday quiet that hung over the village of Spartansburg, New York. The streets were deserted except for the sunshine and the sparrows that were enjoying the end of Indian summer. It was the morning of Oct. 23, to be exact, and every one was at church. If you had wandered into the village street you would have felt the comfort of the place and the cheerfulness of the empty road. You would have seen the little, steepled white church asleep in the sun, and through the open door and windows you would have heard the droning voice of the minister, who was in the middle of a long sermon. You would have smiled at the maltese cat that blinked drowsily on the steps of the church.

The cat sneezed and struck at a fly that had escaped the frost, and then she settled down to another doze. She slept. She did not know that a dog was coming down the street, a dog that had once been white and that bore the scars of many battles. The dog wandered from one side of the street to the other and had almost passed the church, unmindful of the sermon within, when his eye was caught by the drowsy cat on the steps. He stopped. His ears perked forward, and his tail became as motionless as the tail of an iron dog in a farmer's dooryard. A moment he stood without moving, and then he stepped cautiously toward the church steps. He went slowly. He took two minutes to cross the street and another minute to come within a dozen feet of the steps.

Then the cat woke. Her eyes opened and she looked straight at the dog. The dog stopped. They regarded each other intently for a full minute. The dog moved a step forward. The hair bristled about the cat's neck. She snarled and made as if to raise herself on her four paws. The dog barked and the cat spat at him and growled. Her back arched. The dog leaped up and down like a mechanical rabbit and circled about the cat, who kept her face toward him. He did not cease his barking. Suddenly he jumped at his intended victim, and the cat, with one sweep of a paw that striped the dog's cheek with red, leaped into the shelter of the church vestibule. She was in full retreat. Through the open door of the big room beyond went the cat, a streak of gray fur, and behind her galloped the one-time-white dog, who raised his voice to the echo of the church in the excitement of the chase. The minister paused in his sermon with his mouth open, and the congregation, rudely aroused from Sabbath calm, sat immovable as the cat sped down a side aisle with the dog a close second in the race. Across the front of the church room the cat leaped, and the minister gazed down at her over the edge of the pulpit. A snicker ran through the congregation. It increased to a ripple of laughter as a deacon, attempting to stop the dog where the pursued and the pursuer had turned up the center aisle, was thrown off his feet and against the corner of a pew.

Into the vestibule again flew the cat. The dog was within a yard of her, expending too much energy in barking. Stairs into the steeple invited ascent, and up went the cat and the dog. The demoralized congregation could hear the scramble of feet as far as the top of the stairs, where belfry windows looked across Sunday meadows and fields. They heard a last wild yelp and saw first one body and then another flash the length of the tall window in the vestibule. The cat had jumped from the belfry, forty-five feet above the ground, and had alighted safely and right side up, not too shaken to scamper off to shelter. The dog had followed from the belfry, but he had not the nine lives of the cat. When a deacon went outside to investigate, the dog that had once been white was lying dead where he had fallen at the end of his last hunting.

Game of Jumbles.

Each person selects the name of some bird, fish or animal and quickly jumbles the letters so as to spell other words. Thus one choosing hippopotamus might make out of the letters may hoop sit up; a panther might become hen part, while porpoise might turn to o sire pop. When all are ready each player may in turn read his "confusion" to the rest of the party, and note carefully how long they are in guessing. Since the one wins whose puzzle takes longest to guess, it is important to mix the letters as much as possible.

If preferred, sides may be chosen after each player is ready with his jumble. The first player on the left side then offers his puzzle to all the players on the right side to be guessed. Next the offer comes from the first player on the right side to those on the left, and so on alternately, giving each player his turn. A timekeeper marks the exact number of minutes and seconds for each guess. If there are only a few players, each may offer two or more jumbles. When all have been guessed the side whose total guessing time is least is the winner.

From the Mouths of Babes.

Mother—Mercy children, what are you making such a noise for?

Children (in chorus)—To keep the baby quiet, mamma.

"I'm glad we don't live in China," said little Oswald. "It must be awfully tiresome to have it dark all day and the sun shining at night."

"Johnny," said the minister reprovingly, as he met an urchin carrying a string of fish one first-day afternoon, "did you catch those fish to-day?"

"Ye—yes, sir," answered Johnny. "That's what they got for chasin' worms on Sunday."

"You are tenth in your class, Robert," said his father, looking up from the school report. "That means you are at the foot."

"Well, papa," replied the incorrigible youngster, "it isn't my fault that there are no more boys in the class."

The teacher was giving the juvenile class an object lesson on the word "transparent." She told them water and glass were transparent, because one can see through them, then asked them to name something else that was transparent. One little fellow promptly raised his hand.

"Well, Alvin, what is it?" she asked.

"A hole!" was the unexpected reply.

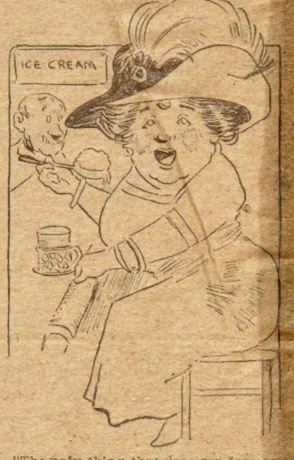
Friends.

Down East they tell about a calf and a goose that have struck up a fast friendship. It began when the calf was turned into a pasture where there were no bushes on which she could rub when the flies became so thick. She was feeling unhappy when a goose came waddling up and began to eat the flies off the calf's hide. The calf repaid the debt after a while by chasing a dog that worried the goose, and the bird and the young cow are now together all day long.

A Puzzle.

Now, if it's wrong to steal things, pray
    tell me, if you please,
How, then, can a photographer take
    everything he sees?

Cold Comfort.



"The only thing that does my face any good is to apply cold cream to it."

Yeast—Does your wife have the last word?

Crimsonbeak—The last word? Say, she has the last hundred or so!

I'll Save the Health of A Million Men in 1911

—Your Very Life Depends

Upon the care and protection you give your feet. Wet, clammy feet cause Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Colds, and Pneumonia. My Steel Shoes prevent these ills—keep the feet dry, comfortable, healthy—twelve months in the year. The greatest shoe ever invented for **any** man who works outside. I want **you** to have a pair. If in a hurry, you **can Order Right From This Advertisement**—without risks—without waits—on my special Free Examination Plan, explained below. For the sake of your health and the comfort of your feet—and to **save money**—

You Must Wear "Steel Shoes"

N. M. RUTHSTEIN
The Steel Shoe Man

I am the Steel Shoe Man. I invented and introduced them to the farmers and out-of-door workers everywhere. I have already sold Steel Shoes to **over 500,000** satisfied wearers—men and boys who can now work anywhere, at any time, in perfect health and comfort—their feet "dry as powder"—always rested and supported.

I expect to sell Steel Shoes to **as many more** in 1911. Because wherever I sell one pair, on an absolute average, I sell three more. Steel Shoes advertise and sell themselves That's why I **can afford** to make this liberal Free Examination Offer—and give you the privilege of putting your feet into them, right at home—and examining their splendid construction. You will vow you never before experienced such shoe comfort. Steel Shoes require no breaking in—your foot "takes to" them instantly. The uppers are made of extra-strong, extra-pliable leather—specially waterproof—never get stiff or hard—or let the dampness in.

The soles **fairly invite the feet** with their delightful, sanitary Hair Cushion lining—but, of course, the **great big** feature of Steel Shoes is their wonderful Steel Soles. Soles and sides are of one piece of this light, springy, wear-forever steel. The soles are protected from wear by Adjustable Steel Rivets which give a firm footing. Rivets can easily be replaced **by you** when partly worn off. **Fifty** extra rivets cost only 30 cents and will keep your shoes in good repair for at least two years.

Steel Shoes will **easily** outwear 3 to 6 pairs of the best all-leather shoes ever made. They will positively

Save You Over $10.00 Every Year

And, remember, that with all this enormous saving, you are getting the easiest, strongest, most healthful, and most serviceable all-the-year-around shoe you ever wore. A shoe so easy on the feet that it absolutely does away with Corns, Bunions, Callouses and Blisters—prevents tender feet. These matters of health protection and sound feet are too vital for you to neglect **one moment.** Today—tomorrow—the simple wetting of your feet may result in a cold that will endanger your life.

Don't wait. Remember, you can order Steel Shoes direct from this advertisement—with every privilege of Free Examination—and your money back instantly if their quality don't convince you. Write for my Free Book, "The Sole of Steel." Mailed on request.

Steel Shoes for Men and Boys in sizes 5 to 12—6, 9, 12 and 16 inches high

Steel Shoes 6 in. high, $2.50
Steel Shoes 6 in. high, better grade of leather, $3.00
Steel Shoes 6 in. high, extra grade leather, black or tan color, $3.50
Steel Shoes 9 in. high, $4.00 per pair.
Steel Shoes 9 in. high, extra grade leather, black or tan color, $5.00
Steel Shoes 12 in. high, extra grade leather, black or tan color, $6.00
Steel Shoes 16 in. high, extra grade leather, black or tan color, $7.00

BOYS' STEEL SHOES—SIZES 1 to 5
6 in. high Boys' Steel Shoes, $2.50
9in. high Boys' Steel Shoes, black or tan, $3.50
In ordering, give correct size. Boys' Steel Shoes will please the boy and save you money and worry!

We strongly recommend the 6 in. high Steel Shoes at $3.50 and the 9 in. high Steel Shoes at $5.00 per pair as they give the best possible satisfaction. For all classes of use requiring high-cut shoes our 12 or 16 in. Steel Shoes are absolutely indispensable. Don't wait a single moment. Ask your banker—your Express Agent—if this is not the offer of a responsible firm. Besides, you know that the editor of this paper would not run my advertising if I did not treat their readers square and if my shoes were not all I claim. Why take the risk of delay—when you've only to fill out the Free Examination Coupon herewith? Don't suffer another day the tortures of warped, misshapen leather shoes. **Don't** run the health risks. Mail the coupon. Right away today. Address me personally. And I'll see that your order is filled and shipped right—the day I get it. Write

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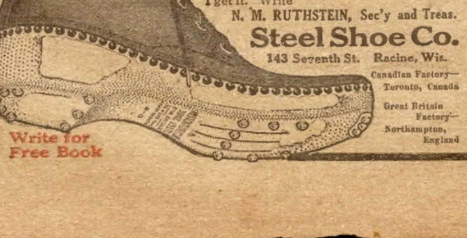

Write for
Free Book

FREE Examination Blank

This is Not An Order Unless You're Satisfied to Keep the Shoes After the Free Examination

STEEL SHOE CO., 143, Seventh St., Racine, Wis.

Gentlemen—I am sending for a pair of Steel Shoes on Free Examination, with the understanding that I may try them on and walk around the house in them and with the further understanding that if they fail to satisfy me immediately I can simply notify you to send for them at your expense and you will refund my money **at once.**

I enclose.................................for $...............
In payment for.......... pair Steel Shoes, size............
Name..
Town..........................State...............................
County..........................R. F. D.........................